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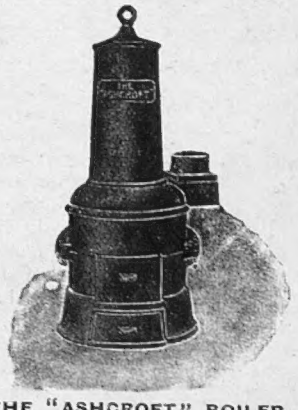

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The Bystander, December 29, 1915.—No. 630. Vol. XLVIII

The BYSTANDER

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE

BY DUDLEY TENNANT

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

What of the New Year?

ANOTHER hopeless New Year. Hopeless, that is to say, in any prospect of a finish to the blood-letting. More hopeless, perhaps, than was last New Year. For then we had, all of us, some confidence in the power and capacity of our national leaders. We had heard them, in sonorous periods, declare that they wouldn't sheathe the sword until the enemy was crushed: that we had only to await the spring, when huge combinations of Allies would move simultaneously to the certain undoing of the foe; that the Fleet was only biding its time, and so on and so forth.

***

Last Spring—

Well, last spring came, and brought us—Neuve Chapelle on the west and the Russian collapse on the east; also, the Dardanelles landings on the south-east. At sea, the great silent fleet continued to be greatly silent, the foe remaining as safe and snug as ever behind his minefields, though able to send his U boats and Z ships more or less where he liked.

***

And What It Has Taught Us

The surprises of the spring were all against us, and not against the enemy, and this New Year finds the British people sceptical. The thought of spring brings no joy to the patriotic heart, only a cynical consolation that if last year when we expected great things we did not get them, this year, expecting them not, we may. In other words, we have made Providence the residuary legatee of the faith formerly vested in our rulers.

Photograph *Speaight*

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR ARCHIBALD MURRAY

Formerly Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who succeeds Sir Charles Munro as commander of the British Force in Gallipoli on his assumption of the command of the First Army

***

Good Plans, Faulty Execution

By "rulers" one does not specially mean the Cabinet. It is by no means clear that these gentlemen are solely responsible for the delays, the blunders, the indecisions. The plans for last spring were right enough. Neuve Chapelle was well enough in conception, so was the Dardanelles. What was wrong in both cases was the execution. The authors of the play counted on the acting and the staging, and were let down all the time.

***

The Next Move?

What the public are wondering is whether the unlucky authors—that is, the directors of Allied strategy—will attempt any more spacious productions at all, or whether they will content themselves with pieces written with a special eye to the "talent," the scenery, and the theatre they are *sure* of obtaining.

***

The Trammels of Obviousness

We have realised by this time that British Generals are not by nature or temperament fitted for the tremendous operations of war. Being un-Prussian in their training, they lack the disregard for human life which has been the key to the sweeping successes of Hindenburg and Mackensen. Having a timid Cabinet at home to satisfy, they lack the audacity to take huge risks. They have a preference for obvious courses.

***

Arms and the Sailor-Man

Caution is also the keynote of naval strategy. But that has the advantage of being the caution of capacity and calculation, not of mere stupidity and inertia. By "canny" tactics the Navy has kept the seas, and is said to have cleared them of the submarines. Perhaps that will stand out as the one epic achievement of the British nation during the war. It will be of arms and the *sailor*-man that poets will, later on, be licensed to sing, when they know all he has done for them.

***

Then as Now

To give a little excuse for this scepticism of ours to those who may still have optimistic views as to the immediate course of the war (of its ultimate result nobody has the slightest doubt . . . has he?). I find in my New Year's issue of last year that almost exactly the same topics were being discussed as are to-day. The Kaiser was said, in January, 1915, to be "preparing his people for Peace." It was "some" peace he brought them, was it not? Then America—America, just think of it!—had just sent to us a *Note of Protest*. For twelve months America has been sending notes of protest.

***

Still "Waiting to See"

Last New Year we were in the throes of discussion whether or not to raise recruits by compulsion. This New Year finds us still discussing that question, and still "waiting to see" how to settle it. It finds our armies reduced by some half a million casualties, and sees us still *talking* about the means of filling up the gaps—next autumn. In other words, the New Year, 1916, discovers Mr. Asquith still Prime Minister, and boastfully determined to continue to draw his salary.

(*Continued on page 536*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS *(continued from page 535)*

Our Sub Rosâ Generals

In January, 1915, we were informed of the names of the six new Generals who were to head the new armies of a "first-class fighting nation." Of these, three have never since been uttered by a single public tongue (Sir Archibald Hunter, Sir Leslie Rundle, Sir Bruce Hamilton). As to what precisely they are doing, and where, is known, no doubt, to the Armies, but not to the mere chronicler of events. The other three comprise Sir Douglas Haig, now C.-in-C. at the front, and—Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and Sir Ian Hamilton. The second is now in, or on his way to—East Africa. The last, at the moment of writing, is—writing? At least one supposes he is, and that an interesting and gracefully phrased account of Suvla Bay will, in due course, be added to the literary treasures of the nation. Critics will not, it is hoped, be Philistinic enough to concern themselves too closely with the subject matter.

* *
*

War-Consciousness

One thing may be said is that there is a change in the social outlook. Just as we lose self-consciousness as we grow older, so as the war grows older we lose war-consciousness. Last New Year the man in khaki was a novel type, of interest to society psychologists. To-day the interest is in the man who is not in khaki, but it isn't a nice kind of interest. Then, we were also infinitely more conscious of the novelty of the war—for instance, the presence of refugees in our midst. The Belgian was interesting, in England—then. To-day, the Belgian is with us, among us, a part of us. Whereas Belgium, alas! is a dead country. Even in Holland nobody can give you an exact account of anything that takes place in the sister Netherland.

Touch Wood

"Hostile aircraft" were regarded mystically, as an abstract possibility of great awfulness. To-day—I touch wood as I write—they are an exciting reminiscence. We think we know, and have felt, the worst about the Zeppelin and the Taube.

* *
*

The Unkindest Cut Of All

But our streets are darker than they were, our hours are earlier, and we are thirstier. Also, we are a selfish, unsociable lot of curmudgeons, who have learned not only not to ask "what will you have?" but not to think it. Which, I think, is the worst turn the war has done to a nation whose greatest claim to respect was its sentiment of hospitality.

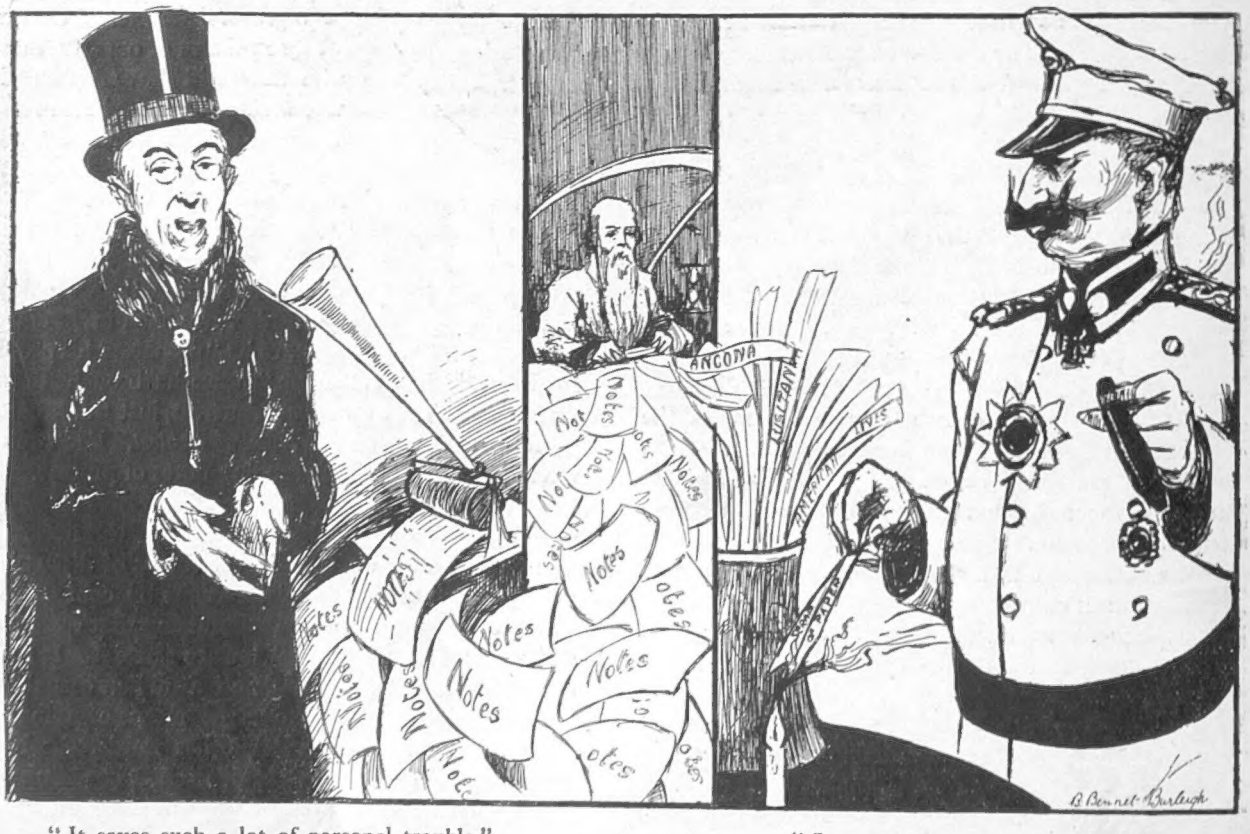
* *
*

Un-fundamental

The theatre was, twelve months ago, regarded as something of doubtful decency. To-day, nobody condemns it. Nobody has the slightest qualms as to extracting any cheer he can from the life that is left unto us, though sport has completely gone by the board. My fair colleague, "Blanche," in the first of her letters to THE BYSTANDER, which have now run a whole twelvemonth, to the oft-expressed delight of our readers, remarked that "when such fundamental things are happening, one wants to be fundamental, doesn't one?" Deliciously expressed, as usual. But I think that now the dominant desire of nearly everybody who has endured the "fundamentalities" of this horrible year of disgrace is to be as un-fundamental as he or she possible can be.

(Continued on page 538)

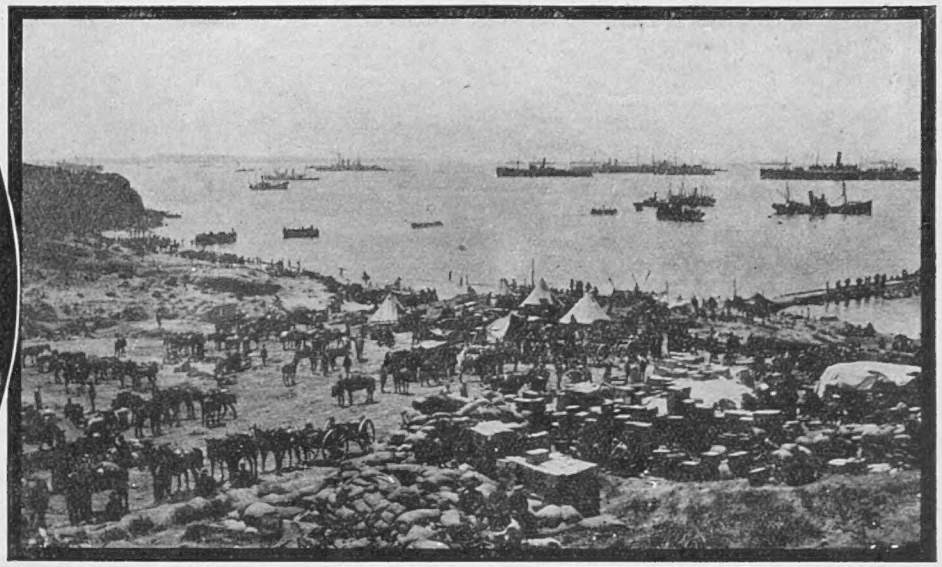
Sender and Receiver

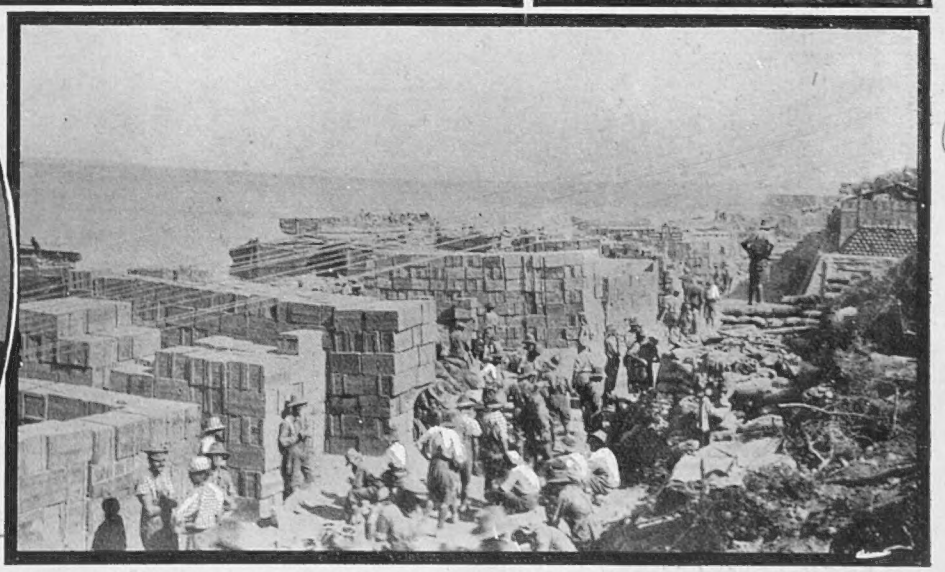


"It saves such a lot of personal trouble"

"Some people are so thoughtful"

Ardour Nobility Zeal Alertness Courage





Three photos taken by Lieut. Mason, R.E. (Signalling Company) of the famous Anzac beach, together with the portraits of the three men who were mainly concerned in its successful evacuation. The upper illustration shows the beach looking North with troops waiting to draw their rations of water from the water-boats; the middle one shows Anzac Cove looking North with the positions indicated of Suvla and Nebrunesi points where the last landing was made on August 6; and the lower one shows the West Beach with piles of stores which were often used as cover from shrapnel fire. The portraits, taken in the same order as the illustrations, are of General Sir William Birdwood, in command of the Anzac forces; General Sir Charles Monro, Commander-in-Chief in Gallipoli; and Rear-Admiral Wemyss, in charge of the Naval operations

Photograph of Gen. Sir William Birdwood by Elliott and Fry, Gen. Sir Charles Munro by Downey, and Rear-Admiral Wemyss by Sport and General

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 536)

Tear Up That Map

There is a craving for superficiality. Our heads ache at the thought of the map of Europe, and if we had a Mr. Pitt living to-day he would not say "Roll up," but "Tear up," that detestable document. Our souls are sick of geography, and of the making of history we have had more than enough. The hope for the New Year lies in the unmaking of it. We want to get back as nearly as we can to the Days Before.

* * *

Militarism Comes to Stay

I for one decline utterly to admit that in any sense, moral or physical, the world will be bettered by the banishment of liberty and humanity which is the inevitable accompaniment of militarism. And don't let us be in any doubt about it, militarism has come to stay, and will outlast your lifetime, reader, and mine. And not our old-English kind of militarism, but the kind that we went to war to kill, the Prussian. All the nations now learn that if wars have to be fought successfully they have to be fought relentlessly, unscrupulously. Also, they have to be anticipated, organised for years in advance, and fought at the chosen moment of yourself and not of your enemy. That means the laying of all Europe under the Iron Heel, which is none the less iron and a heel because its wearer happens to be a fellow-countryman.

THE

Military Viewpoint

BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

OUR haphazard methods of waging war seem to have brought us within a vicious circle; twist and turn as we will there is no escape from our radical errors. If the Derby scheme brings in a million men they will be useless for a year, if even they all started training to-morrow. The cost of a million recruits is just as much as that of a million trained men, but we cannot introduce any sumptuary law that would cheapen this new army, because everyone knows of the colossal fees paid to lawyers and other politicians, and the high wages obtainable by civil employees. If ever such a state of things were justifiable it would be in the case of an army which was kept at work continually and levied contributions on the enemy, but in fact we have to maintain, in addition to our army, the prisoners we capture and our men in the enemy's hands, while all our migrations are like those of the Vicar of Wakefield, "from the blue bed to the brown."

* * * * *

Mr. Lloyd George said the other day that a certain locality in France had been defended by ninety Germans with forty or fifty machine-guns "for days, and even weeks," against a French army, which lost heavily in its attacks. He added that machine-guns and artillery account for 90 per cent. of the casualties, while the rifle is responsible for not more than 5 per cent. of the total losses. I wonder whether the military authorities agree with this view, and if so, why we are raising men by the million for use as infantry. I should have thought, too, that any data of this sort that are really reliable would have been kept a profound secret, instead of being communicated to the enemy through our newspaper reports. One gets no such information from Germany or Austria, who offer us no more encouragement than to assert that from 85 per cent. to 89 per cent. of their wounded become fit for service again—pleasant news for those who have been building their hopes of victory upon casualty lists!

* * * * *

The Gallipoli campaign is now safely at an end, save for the continued occupation of the "toe" of the peninsula. Apart from the losses of the past six weeks, we have left on the Peninsula 33,000 killed and missing, while about 50,000 of the sick and wounded will be permanently unfit, and Germany is not a penny the worse for all our efforts in this theatre. The cause of our failure may be summed up as a fatal miscalculation of the power of the Turkish army and the strength of its coast defences: the rejuvenation of the Sultan's forces after the fiasco of 1912-13 is certainly one of the outstanding features of the war.

* * * * *

Is Marshal von der Goltz going to provide us with another surprise? His concentration at Aleppo may be aimed at either Mesopotamia or Egypt. He would save 200 miles by taking the Suez Canal for his objective, but even the new railway does not overcome the desert obstacle entirely. Such a prize as the recovery of Egypt will probably tempt him—with a Turkish army—to make the venture, and, of course, we hope that he will succumb to the forces that overthrew Djemal Pasha last January. But Goltz is a soldier of very different calibre from the Turkish General, as anyone may gather who reads his military classic on the Conduct of War; and those who are inclined to sneer at bookworm soldiers may well heed the fact that all German and Austrian Generals started the war with merely a theoretical knowledge and the lessons of history.

* * * * *

Indeed, it is remarkable that the practical soldiers with war experience were only found in the British, Italian, Russian, and Serbian armies, and of all these the latter alone have a successful campaign to their credit so far, if we except our defence of Egypt against Djemal's futilities. These, however, are to be considered as "the superficial facts of the war, which are for the moment against us" (*vide* speech of the Minister of Munitions), and we are bidden to take heart because "all the fundamental facts are in our favour." Still, there are only two ways of bringing an enemy to his knees; you must starve him or destroy his armed forces in battle; and the essential matter in either case is to wage war relentlessly, sparing neither the enemy nor neutrals, nor even our own people, until victory is won. Such a conception of war is, however, not likely to enter the heads of any of our rulers, and so we shall just muddle along for another two years.

* * * * *

The news of Sir John French's resignation of the command in France came as a sort of corroboration of a letter I received last April and was

A Slight Discrepancy

HASQUITH (to his pal Jawge): "'Ere!! Not s'much o' your 'Too Late'!!! What's the blinkin' good o' me a 'ollerin' aht what I'm a 'ollerin' aht, if you go a 'ollerin' aht what you're a 'ollerin' aht?!!!"

reading again the other day. My correspondent then said that after a period of rest Sir John would go to the Dardanelles. Many of us think the Field-Marshal may do the State better service at home at the head of the General Staff if permitted to bend his mind to a study of the war as a whole in the interests of our unwieldy army. When one recalls his exploits in South Africa, and especially his Colesberg operations, it might be supposed that as director of a three-million army he could achieve something that would add lustre to the British arms, though it is unlikely we shall again produce a Marlborough or a Wellington. The Duke was only forty when he went to the Peninsula, and he smashed Napoleon six years later. Marlborough was fifty-two when he took Liège, and he put down Louis XIV. after a contest that lasted seven years. But in both cases a capacity for battle leading was the least of the qualities that gained them predominance among their allies.

* * * * *

In my week-end letter from Salonica there is nothing that is publishable unless it would interest our French friends to hear what one of our smart linesmen thinks of their troops. "I liked the look of the French soldier; he was always so beautifully turned-out, even during a fortnight's rain, when our camp was a morass. All the French infantry regiments had the most wonderful bugle-bands, which started at *reveillé* and seemed to play throughout the whole day, on and off. I was fortunate enough to see a regiment of the famous Chasseurs d'Afrique on the march, beautifully mounted on the most wonderful Arab ponies. The men look just what they are—first-class cavalrymen."

Home on "Short Leave"

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

Who has returned to Grosvenor House from France, where she has been nursing in her own hospital at Le Touquet. She is only home for Christmas, and her patients are looking forward to welcoming her back after the holiday

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *December 27, 1915.*

DEAR COUSIN—

IT'S over—our second war-Christmas, and most of us, I think, are facing 1916 with at least one hope firm fixed, and that's that there'll never-never, never be another. Apart from everything else it's such a farce, isn't it, when the world's at war, to celebrate peace and goodwill festivals? And so here's a happy New Year to you. Anyway, whatever happens, 1916 can't be *worse* than 1915, can it? Which is *some* consolation.

* * *

Though, I suppose, just for a little, at any rate, it'd be rather foolish and futile to hope that anything will be very much better. With the spring hope rises eternal, of course, like the sap and the catkins and all the rest of the nice things. But just now. . . . That lengthening toll of our sick and wounded alone. . . . As one goes about in careless, callous, calm, cool London, now, next to the khaki everywhere it's what one notices most, I think—the small and generally cheerful, but always infinitely pathetic, batches of woundeds.

* * *

Bent and bound and broken, they are everywhere, in their sloppy blue hospital uniforms of honour—in the streets, in the theatres, on the 'buses. Their thin faces are somehow wistful, or, perhaps, we imagine they are, knowing the pains they've endured and suffered so gallantly just for us who stay at home. And even apart from their wounds, to a woman, anyway, it is a heartbreaking sight, these little companies of once so strong and lusty men, in such utter and childlike dependence on those other no less gallant fighters for England, their nurses.

* * *

For the bigger you are, and the stronger you've been, the harder it is, I believe, to get accustomed to stumping about on crutches, or armless, or with your head so bound and bandaged that to move it is a nasty reminder of things no one wants to remember. I was on a 'bus with a whole party of them the other day, coming back to hospital from a *matinée*, and as with infinite trouble they somehow got themselves out of it and off it, I thought of the cars you will see in Bond Street or Piccadilly or outside the big shops and restaurants any morning, cars *de luxe* carrying, perhaps, only one strapping young woman in the pink of health and good feeding.

* * *

I can't help thinking, by the way, that at some of these big charity *matinées* and things if seats are given over to the wounded—as they are very generously—they ought to be the best or nothing. At one theatre last week I couldn't help noticing how the only comfortable and easily get-at-able seats in the house, the stalls, were filled with perfectly healthy, though, no doubt, most charitable ladies, while very badly wounded men, some even still in their scarlet bed-jackets, too hurt to be dressed, were with the utmost difficulty squeezed into *their* seats in the upper parts of the house.

"Gave them a helping shoulder instead"

* * *

How they got them upstairs at all I don't know, but when it came to descending again, down the rake of the galleries—well, some of them couldn't face it until their little nurses took away the new crutch and gave them a helping shoulder instead. It took some of them a full five or ten minutes laboriously, and with obvious discomfort, to get into their rather cramped seats. In the stalls, where at ordinary theatres on ordinary occasions they generally put them, it's a far simpler and less wearing business.

* * *

Parliament's only taking a ten days' holiday this time, so I suppose events and prospects are such that they feel they ought to be on the spot. And they do say, you know, that there's not going to be much of a winter hold-up in Flanders this year, not on the German side, anyway. While as for affairs in the East—well, perhaps I'd better not spread myself on that rather sore and horrid subject.

* * *

There's great talk, too, about still more changes in high places—they may have turned into facts, some of them, by the time you get this letter. Afraid the out-and-out Tories would throw fifty fits if *one* of them went and materialised. The author of the Insurance Act and land taxes in supreme command of our armies, while the uncommunicative K. went to

(Continued on page 542)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page 541*)

the silent East! No connection, I know, but I'm rather reminded of the story of the wounded Irishman Mr. Ian Malcolm tells in his "War Pictures." "What did you think about, Pat, while you were waiting for the stretcher-bearers?." "Sure, your Honour," said the Ulsterman, "I was thinking what a grand training it is for the great fight we'll have in Ireland when this is all over."

* * *

A little Welsh attorney bossing the biggest war in history—the mere idea's really killingly funny, isn't it? I suppose, though, unlikelier things might happen, because in England we aren't such sticklers for convention, are we, as to give the job to the man who knows it? You heard about those munition inspectors? Most of them didn't know munitions from mushrooms, were butchers and bakers and candle-stick-makers, anyway belonged to professions as different as possible from the one they were paid to inspect.

* * *

Talking of munitions, a Tommy in Flanders writes me: "We're doing very little fighting out here now. It's almost a case of don't you make a noise then we won't. But, thank goodness, we've got the upper hand as regards ammunition now. This time last year the Huns held it." Which is—well, something, isn't it?

"Here's a happy New Year to you"

* * *

Out there just now, they tell me, the mud and water beggars description, and there's only one grand consolation, apparently, and that's when someone else goes in up to the neck. A driver who stepped from the straight path into about three feet of the best and squelchiest lost his cap in the proceedings. A minute afterwards his horse joined him—result, cap hopelessly imbedded in the mud. "It wasn't the blinkin' cap, it was the badge I minded losing," he said when rescued. Then he turned to his horse: "And what the blinkin' —— *you* wanted to come in too for, you ugly old ——, I carn't fink."

* * *

By the way, one who signs himself "a most sinful imposer," as he is not "a dear boy in officer's uniform doing daring deeds with careless abandon, but only a modest private living in mud with mud and eating bully beef and skilly from a tin pail justly called a mess tin," wants to know why we're all so pessimistic and gloomy in England, and leave the men at the front the monopoly of optimism—except, of course, when they're wet through. But that's the point, isn't it? There's only one way to be cheerful about the war, and that's to be in it.

* * *

Christmas week was nothing like the dull one in Town it generally is. For one thing, there wasn't the usual exodus, and for another the House was sitting till Thursday on that Munitions Bill, which wants some sitting on. And then there was the Asquith *cause célèbre*—it's not every day, is it, that the wife of the Prime Minister of England is in the courts as plaintiff in a libel action, with smart counsel in rows and Society making up to all the barristers to let it get into court?

* * *

Abroad, where, of course, they don't understand the legal atmosphere that envelops everything here, including the Government, I hear people are quite astonished at a Prime Minister's wife bringing a case of that sort at all at such a time. But, anyway, there's one accusation they can't bring against us, can they?—that "dullness" which Mr. Lloyd George describes as "truly intolerable and inexcusable."

* * *

Have you ever been to the War Office? It's the most amusing place, full of quite a lot of charming people, all endowed with an ample portion of that leisure which makes our officials such pleasant companions, and so unlike the crude hustlers you meet elsewhere. To the ordinary business man who runs the ordinary business show with its hours of rush and good hard sticking at it, I'm told, a visit to the W.O. is a real eye-opener.

* * *

Imbued with the idea that this war is quite a big affair, he naturally expects to find them pretty busy there. Not a bit of it. Their chief occupation, according to one man I know who spent some time there is tossing. They toss for tea, they toss for lunch, and, no doubt, they'd toss for drinks if it was still allowed. And no masses of papers or other untidy evidence of drudgery is allowed to mar the fine lines of the new rooms of the new War Office. Of course, they must be running the war somewhere, somehow, but there are none of the ordinary traces of it visible to the naked eye.

"Taking men's places and doing it jolly well, too"

* * *

About the East, a soldierman who writes to me all the way from Macedonia—a part of the world

(*Continued on page 544*)

Twice Widowed

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MRS. ARTHUR STOCK

Formerly Lady de Clifford, whose second husband, Capt. Arthur Stock, Adjutant 2nd Ayrshire Yeomanry, of Glenapp Castle, Ballantrae, and Mount Street, has just died from pneumonia after a very short illness. Mrs. Stock was very well known on the stage as Miss Eva Carrington before her first marriage to the late Lord de Clifford

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 542)

we're rather worried about just now—has sent me something really rather interesting in the way of local newspapers, the *Balkan News*, it's called, price one penny every morning. Not got up quite like the *Times*, of course, and punctuation and spelling and things a little wild at times, perhaps. But even the sight of the English language must be a joy in a land to which even THE BYSTANDER takes a terribly long time to penetrate. "Sometimes it doesn't get here at all, as quite often the mail-boats are torpedoed by our dear friends the enemy. And then there's *some* sickness."

* * *

There are many degrees of frost over there, and Boreas is always busy. But all the same "I hope people at home don't think we're downhearted—on the contrary, we're very merry and bright, in spite of the cold." There's only one thing unbearable, he says, and that's the knowledge that out there there isn't any chance of any leave. "Pretty rotten, isn't it? I'm sure you girls must think the same about it, though I suppose there are always plenty of people home from France, aren't there?"

* * *

Poor dears, and when they left France they were just beginning to look forward to their Christmas rush home, and to plan out what they'd do and who they'd have time to see. But now. . . . "I only wish you could come over to Macedonia and help us, though you're already helping us to keep cheery by your epistles, and long may you continue. Cheero, Blanche!"

Now that four of the new Derby groups are called up we shall begin to notice more and more, I expect, how women are taking men's places everywhere. Doing it jolly well, too, you know; wherever they're given a dog's chance to make good that is; so good, indeed, that the usual thing's happening, and certain classes of employers are already preening themselves on a "fortune of war" that's at one and the same time increased their output and decreased their wages bill.

* * *

In less commercial circles, too, the woman's not-always-waiting-for-a-tip attitude is appreciated. And though "Oh, *what* a dainty, ducksie, darling, dearie, dearest dink!" isn't, perhaps, what your first remark would be when first your eyes beheld the woman porter or liftman or bus'-conductor, yet, after all, the *men* specimens in that line weren't exactly Pearls of Price in the way of fragrance and beauty, were they? And her efforts to keep, anyway, neat and natty *I* think are simply marvellous.

* * *

And perhaps it's better, too, with such opportunities for friendly intercourse with the other sex that they shouldn't be *too* deuced attractive. Man's a sorely susceptible wight at best, and as the philosopher says in Mr. Caine's "Bildad the Quill-Driver"—the amusingest Christmas book I've read yet—"the fool saith 'Is it this way? Is it that way?' but the Wise Man goeth after the goods!"

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Tout Complet

NURSE: "Now is there anything else I can do for you?"

TOMMY (with vinegar cloth on head, salt bag on chest, and mustard plaster on feet): "Well, Nurse, you might just put a pepper plaster on my back, and then I shall be a bloomin' cruet"

"ABANDON SHIP!"

A rehearsal on board a British hospital ship of the programme to be carried out when the order "Abandon Ship" is given. This drill is very necessary, indeed, in view of the fact that the enemy is no respecter of the Red Cross

WHAT TOMMY MOST DISLIKES

THE FRAUDULENT OPTIMISM OF THE "PATRIOTIC" ORATOR

BY AN OFFICER ON LEAVE

THE ordinary soldier, whether at the front or at home, does not concern himself much about politics. Lord Derby's scheme to him is only a means to an end, which means that others will come out to relieve him, take their share, "do their whack." Overwhelming odds he has never minded—but rather liked; he is used to them—but there is one thing that makes him properly, everlastingly, and eternally "fed-up," and that is the platform and so-called journalistic military critic.

Everywhere the complaint is the same. Men home on leave after months at the front may have mixed feelings regarding the youthful slacker who does nothing, including good-natured contempt, but one and all loathe and detest the journalistic and platform orator, whose "optimism" is his probable only means of livelihood.

The writer, in common with other soldiers, including wounded, attended a big meeting some time back. The speaker's patriotism did not stop him from charging 5*s.* a seat not only on this, but on every subsequent occasion, nor has his professed affection for Tommy ever been the means of a reduction in prices to men in uniform. This particular meeting took place some few months ago. It was termed, styled, and advertised as a Big Recruiting Rally, though the speaker at the end of the meeting never asked for, or obtained, a single recruit.

A Huge Bluff

It is very obvious why no recruits were asked for. At that time they were impossible almost to obtain. But why should patriotic (?) speakers run the risk of allowing a credulous audience to go home and think, after hearing fiery outbursts of Jingoism or self-styled patriotism from the class of man who always says "I only wish to God I could go," etc., etc. The meeting concluded with the orchestra "at its best" and Allied flags fluttering and waving all round the great British optimist and patriot who had not obtained a single recruit, but a fat cheque instead.

One Vital Question

Why haven't recruits been asked for? Because the speaker is clever enough to realise that he couldn't get them, and even the credible, gullible British Public might go back to their respective homes and say to one another, "What a wonderful speech," and the answer would be, "Was it? Then why didn't Mr. British Bull Blank obtain a recruit." A little of the gilt off the gingerbread, and our patriotic speaker is too clever to risk that. So no recruits are asked for and another patriotic meeting is organised on the same lines for the speaker, whose real motto is "*MY business as usual.*"

At a massed meeting four months ago I heard one of these charlatans allege and state in a triumphant shriek that no more men were wanted, and that he knew for a fact that within three weeks Bulgaria and Roumania would be fighting on the side of the Allies, and that the war would be over before this Christmas. This is an actual fact, and the writer knew many people at the meeting who could substantiate this statement. The speaker further stated that he only wished he dare say all he knew, because the public he was addressing would be more optimistic than ever, and fed them with further fulsome lies.

An Appeal

Thousands of harmless little things are censored daily and hourly, and yet men like this are allowed not only to make these statements at any time in public, but put them weekly in print. Months ago these military experts (who have never even seen a hand-grenade) stated that German man power was utterly exhausted, etc., etc.

Now this is the only thing that riles the Tommy, and is more calculated to break his wonderful spirit than all the Hun artillery and devilish devices. He is away from home in strange countries all over the world, never grousing, never complaining, and more often than not fighting against terrific odds. Leave him in what peace he can obtain, and let his literature be bright and amusing. Don't tell him, poor brave fellow, that it is all over, and that he will be home next month or week. In the writer's opinion this "constant kidding" and lying is refined cruelty, nothing more or less. Are we to let brave men be tortured because these patriotic optimists' motto is "the pen is mightier than the sword"? They thrive, but it is a soldier's business to die if necessary, and they thank God as long as there are civilians and soldiers left to gull.

A Remedy

"Send these 'patriotic gentlemen' to the firing line or muzzle them completely" is the soldier's devout wish. Instead they grow like pestilent microbes in our midst, sowing the seed of a germ that stops recruiting and trying to break the spirit of those who are doing their duty. They mean to have their place in the sun at any price. They have not the excuse of the Hun, who kills his foe and tortures. They torture by false statements and promises the minds of their own kith and kin. If the German soldier were paid at the same lucrative rate what on God's earth would he do?

We have supplied Germany with cotton and much that they want as a Christmas *Geschenk*. Let them have these false "prophets," and enable our own brave men to start the New Year in the comparative peace of modern warfare.

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Poisonous Gas

"PATRIOTIC" ORATOR: "Gather round, lads—just going to begin"
TOMMIES: "No blooming fear; we ain't got our respirators"

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE ADVENTURES OF A STAMMERER. BY "JACK JOHNSON"

THIS is a perfectly true story, and the moral of it—what there is—is simply to emphasise the fact that while an impediment in a man's speech is, as everybody knows, a most effective handicap at any time, yet there are certain moments of crisis in the human life—most particularly in war—when it can prove a source of utter humiliation and despair.

There is the case of Horace Woodward. This is not, of course, his proper name, but it will suffice for the purposes of this story.

Woodward is an extremely able, worthy, and reliable young officer in every way. The only unfavourable thing, indeed, that can be said about him is that, unfortunately, he is prone to stammering in moments of fluster or emergency.

It so happened that Woodward received one day a telephone message from Intelligence instructing him to proceed at once to N——, several miles away, to buy as many tubs as he could get for the purpose of making sumphs from which to pump out water in the trenches. There were several varieties of tubs to be had in N——, but nothing of a suitable size until he chanced to pass a large *estaminet*, in the cellar of which he could quite distinctly make out a number of just about the very dimensions that he wanted. Woodward thought that before approaching the owner on the subject he would just pop down in the cellar a moment and make quite certain that the measurements were what he required. It was a little bit dark in the cellar, and he was just about to carry out his purpose when he stepped unexpectedly on some slippery substance, and was precipitated with some violence to the ground. In his fall he clutched frantically at a hencoop which was hanging on a nail, the coop came suddenly away in his hand, dealing him a heavy blow in the face, there was a tremendous crash of broken glass, and the next moment a stream of rare old vintage was seen to pursue a tortuous course across the cellar floor.

At the sound of the crash a florid faced woman in a highly hysterical condition whizzed upon the scene.

"*Ah! le sale voleur!*" she screamed in a piercing falsetto, "*vous volez le vin, audacieux! À moi! Au secours!*"

Half a score of Tommies who were billeted upstairs responded with alacrity to the wail of feminine distress.

"Strike me pink!" roared a West Kent voice in amaze. "Come out o' that, you perishin' area sneak, pinchin' all our wine! Ketch 'im one, Jack!" The obliging Jack "ketched" Woodward a jab in the ribs, preparatory to capture, receiving in return a slog over the left eyebrow. The next moment Woodward might have been seen proceeding wildly up the cellar steps on the flat of his back, aided by a score of willing hands.

Arrived in the street, the captors took stock of their victim. Woodward must have looked a pretty sight. He had lost his cap, his nose was bleeding profusely where he had hit it, and his tunic was soaked in equal parts of blood and wine. Also, he was struggling to speak, and anybody who had previous experience of Woodward would have known that it was a hopeless proposition from the start.

Comments were distinctly unfavourable. "Well I'm ——! *Strafe* me if he ain't a —— spy as well! Officer's uniform an' all! 'E's got some bloomin' neck an' no mistake!"

They took his silence for guilt, not to say sulkiness and a six-foot sergeant-major led Woodward away to lock him up. It would only weary the reader to recount in detail the variety of emotions which shot successively through Woodward's breast as he found himself under lock and key in the schoolhouse which was doing service for a guard-room, or how in the early hours of the morning he contrived to effect his escape. But escape he certainly did, and at early dawn a wild dishevelled figure in a state of mind bordering on lunacy (of the homicidal genus) lurched heavily into Brigade Headquarters. There was a telegram awaiting Woodward; it had arrived half an hour after he had left for N——. Mechanically he tore it open. It read as follows: "Sufficient number of tubs have been obtained locally. Your order to purchase cancelled."

JACK JOHNSON

BRITISH THOROUGHNESS

Humours from the Front—No. 31

A PROPOSAL IN FLANDERS

The point of Jean's pitchfork awakens a sense of duty in a mine that shirked

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches, of which thirty-one have been published, appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

The Vei

ENTER MDLLE. 1916: Intense curiosity on the part of all the world as to what
bring no messsage at a

ed Lady

is her message. Is it one of hope or of despair for suffering humanity, or does she
ll, only just herself?

The Pencil that Scourges Germany

A NEUTRAL FOR WHOSE BLOOD THE ENEMY THIRSTS

BY EGAN MEW

UNKNOWN to the politician and the soldier the ironic artist has played an important part in the greatest wars of the last 150 years. All that Gillray did in regard to the bitter and coarse belittlement of Napoleon, almost everything that the *machre* art of Goya showed us in his awful studies of the horrors of the Peninsula War, even the light touch and frequent beauty of those drawings of the gifted Rowlandson which hinted of his warlike times—all these things, and every possible addition which modern sensitive psychology can suggest, will be found in the 160 or so pictures by M. Louis Raemaekers at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in New Bond Street.

Wit and Irony

There is boldness and wit, irony and violent disgust in almost every drawing, the whole drama of butchery as in Callot's seventeenth century *Miseries of War* and in *Los Desastres de la Guerra* is clearly placed before the onlooker. But with this difference, that while Callot showed something of pageantry and Goya stated very clearly the revolting side of war, Raemaekers has always a lively sense of its bitter humours and ironic gaiety. Black sorrow he shows in common with Goya; in realism he is little behind Verestchagin or Wiertz.

M. LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

The famous Dutch cartoonist, whose wonderful work has so exasperated the Germans that they have put a price upon his head. An exhibition of his cartoons is being given at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in New Bond Street

A Heritor of the Ages

His method is another matter, and is completely adjusted to our period of rapid and unexpected events. The artist is said to have learnt a good deal of his directness and brilliancy from Forain and Steinlen. What does it matter? He is the gifted heritor of the ages, and from Daumier downwards has neglected no one who was likely to be of use to a political cartoonist drawing in the very heart and noise of battles and in a country threatened by an overwhelming neighbour, but doubly anxious to be correctly neutral.

Go and See Them

To describe Raemaekers's drawings in detail would be to spoil the intellectual pleasure of the visitor to the Fine Arts Gallery and to mar the healthy shock which his vivid wit and hard hitting administer to the rather smug patron of pictures in London. Still, if you be hurried, as everybody appears to be in an art gallery, you would gain a good idea of the many-sided qualities of the artist by glancing at his slashing strokes at German brutality, such as are shown in No. 10, the soldier bent on seduction, or "Bluebeard's Chamber," or "Mon Fils," or "A Fact," and twenty others.

The Victim of the Junkers

But there are many sides of German, Dutch, and Continental life dealt with by Raemaekers which are not so familiar to the English as Teutonic frightfulness. The German Michael, the small shopkeeper or fairly well-to-do peasant, is better known to those who were in Germany thirty years ago than to the Londoner of to-day, but he is still a real, if quiet, personage. The satirist makes full use of him as the victim of the Junkers—not as the comic personage he appeared to be in the far-off days of Busch's once admired broad sheets. So fatal to all old sentiment is the present war that even the play books of our youth take on a horrid quality, and one is delighted to see the German Michael laughed at by Raemaekers and shown to be smeared with blood and compact of venom.

THE PENCIL THAT SCOURGES GERMANY (concluded)

"EUROPE, 1916." BY L. RAEMAEKERS

"Surely by now I am sufficiently civilised?"

(From the collection of cartoons now on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in New Bond Street, W.)

Dutch Misgivings

Another side of this admirable artist's work is displayed in the cartoons which suggest Germany lying in wait for Holland. Here are the fears and doubts that find a place very much in the heart of the Dutch. From the democratic side, one of the most amusing of these gives two Dutch Junkers who say: "At least we can get posts as gamekeepers when Germany take us after the war."

Pathos as well as Satire

From the satiric to the pathetic is no long journey for an artist, and in sadness and beauty many pictures here shown are by no means lacking. "Modern Warfare," without being frightful, is the saddest picture of the present state of affairs. "Is It You, Mother?" shows a broadly catholic spirit. A young Scotsman is dying for his country; the men tramp by in lengthening masses; a German soldier holds the boy's hand with kindly grasp. M. Raemaekers can be gay, but he can get at the soul of the matter, too, and he can express himself with dignity as well as beauty, with ironic power as well as subtle sympathy.

A Farm in Flanders

THE RUINED WALLS OF WHICH SHOW TRACES OF THE HANDIWORK OF "THE BYSTANDER" WAR ARTIST

My Dear Bystander—

THESE sketches form a humble record of an ill-fated home quite near the firing line in Belgium. They have a particular interest for your readers, for on the walls of some of the rooms we discovered some drawings by your artist, Captain Bairnsfather, made during his brief spells of rest from the front line trenches.

The farm itself is of the usual quadrangular shape, the buildings consisting of spacious barns and stables, while the more modern and up-to-date living apartments occupy practically the whole of one side of the square.

Few signs of home remain, just enough, perhaps, to give us an idea of what it had been in the happy days of Peace. An old chair of carved oak still occupies its accustomed place before the fire, the bellows still hang in the chimney corner, and in a broken attic we discovered the sole living relic of domestic life—the cat and her kittens.

Its doors and windows on two sides are barricaded and sandbagged, still affording protection to mankind against the rifle fire of the enemy, and outside its gates white crosses mark the last resting-place of those who had fought and died in its defence.

Such was the place we entered, and in curious contrast to such sad sights we came across Captain Bairnsfather's sketches.

His little gallery of pictures acts like a tonic on everyone who goes there, and all newcomers are duly shown round.

Here is the "flapper," with whom everyone falls in love, and over the fireplace is the "Summer Girl," reminding us of days on the river at home, while the "Christmas Dream" serves to show us in what a spirit of optimism some folk had spent last Christmas there.

Charming life-size studies they are, and at the request of the Adjutant I made these pencil copies of them.

Over the fireplace the following verse had been scrawled:

"THE SONG OF THE BRIGADE."

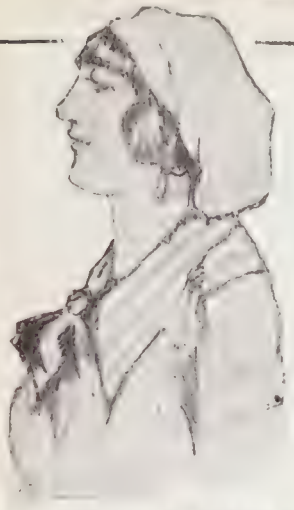
Air—"A Little Grey Home in the West."

There's a shallow wet trench near Messines,
It's the wettest that ever has been;
There are bullets that fly,
There are shells in the sky,
And it smells like a German "has-been."

My dug-out's a haven of rest,
Though it's only a tumble-down nest,
But with Johnsons around
I must keep underground
Till the golden sun sinks in the west.

The original idea of a sketch entitled, "MY DREAM FOR YEARS TO COME" ("Bystander," May 19, 1915), drawn on the walls of a farm "somewhere in Flanders"

A FARM IN FLANDERS (concluded)



THE VILLAGE BELLE

The cellars form a place of refuge during the almost daily *strafing* by the Huns, and there seems but faint hope that the old farm and its treasured frescoes will be spared.

JOSEPH C. M. PIKE,
2nd Lieutenant.

P.S.—A few days later. Extract from letter from Captain C.: "You will be sorry to hear that the farm at which you took the sketches has been shelled practically out of existence, leaving hardly a stone upon a stone."

J. C. M. P.

THE SUMMER GIRL

THE FLAPPER

TRENCH HEADQUARTERS OF THE ROYAL WARWICKSHIRES

Showing shell holes and "mural decorations," including the poem quoted on previous page

LITTLE PIERRE

These sketches are copies made by Lieut. J. C. M. Pike of drawings (mostly life-size) by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather on the walls of a ruined farmhouse in Flanders

The Call of the East

BY TIM GRANVILLE

FOR many weary months the little Army had waited on the fringe of the desert for the enemy that never came. Everyone was bored stiff, and impatience and ennui were taking malignant forms. The Brigadier was almost unapproachable; individual C.O.'s were nearly all at feud, and even the different battalions had declared "a sort of war" on one another. Thus the forthcoming gymkana assumed breathless importance. On the race-course all kinds of old scores were to be settled. Above all, it was vital that the Larkshires should beat the Mudshires in every event. And this is where young Hinde, of the Larkshires, saw his chance. He was the cheeriest baby subaltern that ever tumbled out of Sandhurst, and he was panting for leave and yearning to see life in the desert. With an air of tragedy he assured his Colonel that he did not fancy the Larkshires' chance against the Mudshires. Their ponies were not good enough—and that was the simple truth. He assured his Colonel that the best ponies were kept in the desert. At ——, only a day's ride away, there were some real smashers. Now, in the interest of the regiment, would the Colonel give him, say, four days' leave, and he and Maunderley would go out and bring back some fliers? It would be such a knock for the Mudshire fellows!

The trick succeeded, and Hinde and Maunderley set out the next day with an Arab servant. Their spirits were uproarious. The Censor will on no account allow me to mention ——, but they reached the place as the sun was shining. They saw a glorious sunset, but found no good ponies. The ponies, it appeared, were at ——, another day's ride over the desert. To go there would mean breaking their leave, unless they rode through the night, so they sent back their servant with a note to the adjutant explaining these weighty matters, and picked up another fellow and determined to go through with it.

It was nearly dark when they reached their second halting-place on the following day, and their arrival caused considerable interest. Everyone was most friendly to them, and they were promised ponies that would overtake lightning. Also, they were humbly invited to a great spectacle. An enterprising Arab trader was to give a picture show—the first in the history of the place, and an amazing shanty had been specially constructed for the occasion. On entering, they were conducted to the place of honour, and were permitted to squat on the sand next an important, but very youthful, Chief, who had come in from the far beyond. This was an Arab of the Arabs—tall, graceful, and supple, with big, wide dreamy eyes in an oval boyish face. And Hinde got on famously with him. They gravely exchanged cigarettes and, later, conversation, while Maunderley, who had a slight touch of fever, dozed and yawned at intervals. The Chief, evidently believing that yawning was the last word in Western politeness, did the same, and took but a languid interest in the pictures. But in his exchanges with Hinde he was full of vitality, and the subaltern, as he sat beside him, felt that he had struck the real desert at last. Furthermore, the pony problem was settled magnificently. In the early morning the Chief himself was to bring to their tent the most wonderful of ponies, so that night the tired soldiers slept content and dreamt of the utter defeat of the Mudshires.

Hinde was awakened before daybreak. It was bitterly cold, and he cursed as he dressed. Maunderley flatly refused to get from under his blankets either for potentates or ponies. The Chief, who was waiting without, very erect and looking younger than ever, greeted Hinde with a lofty homage. This the subaltern returned. Then they mounted and cantered off to the desert. As his pony warmed to his work and lengthened his stride, Hinde realised exultantly that he had found something which would beat the Mudshire gallopers to smithereens. He shouted his delight to his companion, who in turn laughed joyously. Then they had a gallop indeed, starting level, and urging their mounts to the utmost of their speed over the stretch of sand. First one gained a little; then the other. The Chief was leading now, as Hinde had steadied his pony before calling on him for a last supreme effort. And then—in a flash he saw the Arab pull his mare on to her haunches and turn to him on the instant with a loud cry of warning—and then—well, his pony swerved at something in the half-light, and he shot clean off him and fell in a heap on the sand. While he was panting for breath there leapt up from somewhere in the shadows a circle of great Arabs, who closed on him, and who held him and bound him before ever he could snatch at his revolver. The Chief was bound too. Everything was done swiftly and in silence. Then he and the Chief were lifted on to ponies, and with armed guards on either side of them were galloped off into the desert. And as they started a new day leapt into life in the sky in all its majesty of scarlet and gold and a thousand gentler hues, and a little later the sun took command of their world.

Through the blaze and white heat they rode all day—only stopping for a few moments for water or food or to change mounts. And through the night they rode also. A stern old Arab was in command of the captors, and he urged his men on with harsh orders. Hinde's first motion had been dumb rage at his impotence, but that soon ebbed away before a rising thrilling interest in this wonderful adventure. The desert was limitless, and he was being swept along by silent guards somewhere to its very heart. He had no sort of fear. He merely awaited events. At any rate, the filthy boredom of the routine at —— was done with for the present. He chuckled, too, when he thought of how his uncle would squeal when he had to dig deep into his pocket for a ransom.

Now and again he stole a side-long glance at the boy Chief. He was piqued when he noticed that the

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(Continued on page 558)

Oh Happy Hans!

1st FRAU: "My poor boy Fritz is having a dreadful time. He is with the army in Russia."
2nd FRAU: "And what about your other boy, Hans?"
1st FRAU: "Oh, HE'S all right: he's in the navy."

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(Continued from page 556)

fellow was more heavily guarded than he himself. But the look of superb unconcern on the poor devil's face won his admiration, and he instantly aped it. After a whole day's hard riding a merciful halt was made just before the dawn. Their captors evidenced their belief that they had out-distanced pursuit by setting free their prisoners. They even allowed them to rest side by side. The Chief was at once all protests and regrets.

Hinde laughed at him. "I would not have missed such an adventure for a cool thou," he said brightly. "Who are the rascals, and what are they playing at?"

The Chief explained that they were men of a hostile tribe, whose presence in those parts had never been even suspected. They would hold out for a stiff ransom. He himself would pay in virgins.

Hinde yawned. Then he replied drowsily. "Let's not worry about buying ourselves out. I want to sleep. I've never been so utterly fagged in my life."

The Chief was instantly solicitous, and bent over him and showed him how best to find comfort. "Now sleep," he said, softly, "sleep, you fine English boy—sleep." And the subaltern sank away into a long deep dreamless slumber.

When at last he woke, it was dark. He had slept the whole day through, and the stars glistened like diamonds in the purple canopy. Raising himself to find aches in every limb, he saw the Chief bending over him offering him drink with his own hand. A shadowy cluster of tall Arabs stood round.

"Well, they've given us a fine rest, anyway," the subaltern acknowledged gratefully.

The Chief smiled. "Do you know while you've been dreaming all kinds of things have happened," he said. "For one thing, we've been rescued——."

"What!" cried Hinde.

"Yes, we're free again. It fell out this way. While you were resting, and I just half awake and half asleep, suddenly there was a shout, and quick as a stormwind those rascals leapt on to their ponies and thundered off. It was some of my own people who had come up. I thought our captors were getting a little too near to my country to be safe. So here we are—free—and I've saved my virgins."

Hinde stumbled to his feet and grasped the Chief's hands. He must return at once, he said. There was that Colonel of his—and also the gymkana. But even as he spoke he staggered, and would have fallen had the Chief not flung a long arm around him. "Curse it all. So I've got fever," he groaned. "Really I am bang out of luck just now!"

. . . . . .

Quickly recovering, Hinde had the time of his life in the Chief's country among the Chief's people. His return was impossible. Hostile tribes were moving in force between the Chief's region of desert and the British camp. So he had to content himself with a note to the adjutant which was entrusted to a messenger of the greatest daring and resource. Decked out by his host in Arab robes he received from the tribesmen royal homage. He began to feel that he *was* an Arab, and loved it.

Meanwhile, far-away Europe had stretched out a long arm and was stirring a cauldron of hate, lust, and blood in that desert of theirs. The German force, for which the British Army had so long been waiting, was slowly advancing. Though it was a hundred miles or more away, fleet-footed messengers brought news of it every day the sun rose. Its nearing approach gave the subaltern much thought. It was clear that whatever the risk might be, he must rejoin his regiment and take his share of the fighting, and more than once he told the Chief of his intention, but it seemed impossible to bring the Arab to any point of decision. At such moments he would slip away into dreams or gaze at sunsets or sing tenderly the love songs of his people. But one evening, as the two rested together, he himself turned to Hinde. Stretching his hand to the far distance he challenged the boy. "You are thinking of that cloud on the sand. Your blood is taking fire. They are your enemies, these men who are coming—this wretched rabble with parched throats."

Hinde nodded eagerly. "That is all true," he cried. "They are my enemies, and, as you say, I am burning to fight them."

"Ah!" replied the Chief proudly. "Your enemies are my enemies. You and I will fight them—somewhere near here and destroy them—utterly."

Then he whispered the plan over which he had long been brooding. Almost desperate as was the condition of the German force owing to shortage of water and disease, it was too strong for his men to meet alone. So he had made peace with his fat uncle, with whom he had been at variance for years, and the two tribes would join hands. And one night, having surrounded the weary enemy, they would rush in on them and make an end of them with the long knives.

"You will fight guns with knives?" cried Hinde aghast.

The Chief nodded happily. "They are so tired," he murmured. "When the day's march is over they drop like men who are dead. Besides, they fear nothing. We have exchanged many gifts, and all the words between us are those of brothers. I tell you it will befall just as I have spoken." Then his voice rose, "And in years unborn and for all time my people will make a song of it. How that I, their Chief, and you—the brave English boy—my friend, went out into the night and returned in triumph red with the blood of our enemies!"

Hinde's excitement rose only to break down in laughter. "What an utterly outrageous raving madman our Brigadier would be if we smash up these swine before he even has a smell of them!" he cried in ecstasy.

. . . . . .

The fat uncle duly arrived with his braves, and ancient feuds were all forgotten. The two tribes became absolutely loving as the day for the great encounter drew near. Only one hitch threatened the fraternal happiness. The uncle, having his eye on the looting, sternly insisted that his tribe should make the great attack. The young Chief's men were to form an outer circle and prevent any of the accursed enemy from escaping. For a whole day Hinde's friend opposed this—only yielding on the assurance that the loot was to be equally divided. The same night, under cover of darkness, the hosts crept away to take up

(Continued on page 560)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(concluded)

their arranged positions. And Hinde—the most convincing of Arabs—rode side by side with his Chief. Three days were spent in covering vast distances and in difficult manœuvres. On the night of the third day the enemy was surrounded. All that was needed was for the attacking forces to creep up and rush in and surprise the sleeping soldiers.

Hinde was near the outer fringe, standing with the Chief and his Uncle. They were the only men clothed. It was to be a naked onslaught. The night was very dark and hot.

"Come," whispered the Chief, and Hinde followed him with the Uncle to a rising ground a few hundred yards away. They were attended by a bodyguard of two great Arabs, and they threw themselves on the sand and peered into the darkness.

The German camp fires showed clearly in the near distance. Now and again there came muffled sounds from the sleeping host. And Hinde realised with fresh dismay the horrible unequalness of the coming conflict. Near to hand there were machine-guns; within reach of the tired men were long rifles. A few sharp words of command and a highly trained army would eat up a defenceless horde of natives.

But the Chief beside him was thinking of none of these things. Resting his face on his hands he drew very near to Hinde, and in a tender, musical voice whispered his ancient love songs and told of passionate eyes and outstretched arms and lips that burn. All forgotten was the coming tragedy of the beyond. . . .

Suddenly in the dark heavens a monster broke loose and a storm wind shrieked over the desert. The very same instant hell began in the beyond. Rising above the storm wind came the yells and screams, and a minute later, bringing terror to Hinde, the sharp crack of guns. In a few minutes the storm died away, but the tumult of the desert increased. And one by one the guns became silent, and the subaltern knew that the knife-men had won.

"They've brought it off," he cried excitedly.

The young Chief was standing also, holding with a trembling hand a knife that gleamed. Hinde shuddered as he gazed at him. His face was distorted. With loud voice travelling far over the sand, he was shouting out some wild chant of his people.

Then a second hell burst out in the beyond. To Hinde it seemed as if the mad agony of it was greater than what had been before.

"They've begun again," he cried, clutching at his Chief.

The Arab only laughed. He was suddenly composed. "That is nothing—merely nothing," he answered. "It is what you would call a regrettable accident. . . . I always knew that my good fellows would never be real friends with my Uncle's men. They are quarrelling about the loot—you may be sure. Such of my Uncle's men whom the Germans spared will be. . . ."

"But your Uncle—why he'll be furious if your men kill his!"

"*They* meant to kill mine," said the Chief, casually. "And after all, my Uncle is a gentleman, and he's thinking just now about weightier matters. Look at him."

The fat man was lying with his face to the sky, in a pool of blood.

"All that is nothing," laughed the Chief. "See here (flinging his robes off him) I go there. I am their Chief and this is my victory. They will sing for all time of my glorious deeds. I will return very shortly, red with blood, but—I—think you will also come with me."

Hinde caught a quick breath. The other ran lightly from him, covering the distance with long strides. A little way off he stopped and turned towards the subaltern, flinging out an imperious beckoning hand. A thousand arms seemed to be drawing the boy towards him. Like a man in a dream he slowly cast aside his robes and stood bare, and in the same moment, choking with shame, horror, and amazement—he started running also.

TIM GRANVILLE

For Use, Presumably, on Land

German Naval Officers on a big naval gun, the use of which *on land* is presumably intended. The smart and jovial appearance of the officers will be noted by British sailors, who will wish they had an opportunity of making their acquaintance *at sea*

Things that don't Matter

BY "QUIDNUNC"

MR. ASQUITH has confounded his critics. He has given two pledges in clear and absolutely unmistakable language, and it is all Lombard Street to the proverbial orange that he keeps both of them. The one is that he will not leave office and the other that he will draw his full salary.

* * *

Dear old "Wait and See" must in future be known as "Wait and Receive."

* * *

Bread is the Staff of Life, but the life of the Headquarter's Staff is not necessarily a loaf. None the less, there is something to be said for French Leave. After all, victory is the test of Generals. "As You Were" spells boredom in the parade-ground and hell on the battlefield. Besides—it fills our newspapers with casualty lists. "Attrition" cuts both ways. At least, we hope so. We know it cuts *our* way.

* * *

Sir Douglas Haig must have a fair chance. But not too many. Personally, I am all for begging Lord Northcliffe to take over the job. At least he has the *appearance* of Napoleon. If we cannot get the real thing let us get as near to it as we can.

* * *

Frankly, I know too many Generals to believe in them. In mufti they are pitifully undistinguished. Now Lord Northcliffe has never been out of mufti as far as I know, and yet—wherever he was he would be the centre of attraction and the dominating force. He would pick up the war game in a week or two, and make things hum. A man who is well-feared is the man we want. Force—Force, oh! for heaven's sake give us Force. In days when even Horatio gets a show——. Mr. Asquith, I beseech you to ring up Holborn 6000!!

* * *

P.S.—I do not guarantee that the amazing Carmelite would win the war. But he would quickly end it. That would be a little cruel on Mr. Masterman's war-time job. And on other people's jobs too. Still, it is Tommy that counts—or should do. Tommy's job is to plug or be plugged. He values life and limb as much as we do. And there is no Compensation Act scale for him. And it is Tommy who clamours for results—real big decisive results.

* * *

If Lord Northcliffe did not win the war he would at least say he had won it, and would keep on saying he had won it until everyone believed him. And so the war would end. Perhaps fifty years hence Germany would discover that she had *not* lost it. But that would not matter much. By that time dear old gentlemen would be writing to the *Times* to prove that there never had been any war at all. It was only a "game"—an internationally concerted open-air treatment scheme for the development of young men—which was suddenly discontinued because colds became frequent—and murders too popular.

* * *

And what about the Admiralty? I love Mr. Balfour. I simply venerate him. He is a great gentleman and a fascinating philosopher. He is a musician and a *dilettante* and everything else that is charming. Unhappily the Admiralty is a place where ships are somewhat important and where guns and naval strategy are the topics of discourse. Mr. Balfour knows as much of guns as Nebuchadnezzar knew of *caviar*. It is unfortunate, but true. Mr. Balfour himself cannot be happy about it. His sonatas must be interrupted. And the Admirals cannot be happy about it either. Besides, Mr. Balfour's great gift to statesmanship is his bewitching indecision. His speeches are momentous because of his delightful doubts and fascinating reservations. But Admiralty demands swift judgment.

* * *

Since his trip to the Balkans K. of K. is being spoken of as "King of Kings." This is not blasphemous. It is merely an extravaganza in optimism.

* * *

Who is the world-famous engineer that recently joined the Ministry of Munitions, and almost as recently "resigned" therefrom? And was it really because he knew too much about the business and about prices to please the contractors?

TOMMY: "We were just going to cook our dinner when the Germans got our range."

DEAR OLD SOUL: "Dear me! What a pity! And I suppose you had nowhere to cook it then?"

Fighting for "England"

SQUIRE: "Well, Giles, what part has your son gone to?"
GILES: "I don't rightly know, zur, but I think it du be one o' they Balkans, or one o' they Flanders, or mebbe one o' they Dardanelles."

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Pedlar of Dreams" at the Vaudeville

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

AT this season of the year London Nights Entertainments frequently embrace afternoon entertainments as well, just as in the old statistical record of the population it was explained that "man" embraced "woman." Figuratively speaking, no doubt. Mr. Herbert Jay's enterprise at the Vaudeville Theatre seems to me to come somewhere near being the ideal form of entertainment for the times. It is a posy of wit, beauty, and genial nonsense, accompanied by music of a popular kind that can be appreciated without your having to put a wet towel round your head. And there is note of gentle refinement about it all that is not the least pleasing feature of the entertainment. It is really no more than a prolonged "turn" given by "The Quaints," a company of Pierrots who have already made a reputation for themselves in London; but it is a "turn" distinguished at every point by originality and charm.

It is not easy to say what the fun is all about. Once during the evening it is true, Mr. Edward Gar, the sturdiest of "The Quaints," came before the curtain and promised to explain the plot, but in a few minutes he had got as hopelessly mixed as the plot itself, and he left us laughing heartily—the more heartily because we could not have said offhand just what it was we were laughing at. That's the kind of entertainment this is. Once Mr. Salisbury, the leading light of "The Quaints," strolled on apropos of nothing in particular and began to sing of Mary's Little Lamb with the delightfully inconsequential refrain—"Shouting out the battle-cry of Freedom!" It was all so ingeniously done that we encored the song furiously, though I really don't know why. On the spur of the moment "The Quaints" decided to go for an imaginary trip to Berlin, and they trooped on the stage wearing, in addition to the usual picturesque costume, a moustache of the kind that the Apostle of Frightfulness is said to have adopted in the hope that it will make him look really important. Mr. Salisbury wore, as an extra, a gorgeous *Pickelhaube* which left no doubt as to his supposed identity, and we were then treated to a sort of game of "musical chairs," a really excellent piece of fooling culminating in the occupation by the aforesaid Apostle of a solitary chair labelled "St. Helena." It sounds a little obvious as narrated; but the conclusion is quite dramatically humorous.

In the early part of the evening Miss Peggy May, a "Quaint" of the daintiest imaginable kind, had given us a light and airy dance eminently suitable as an introduction to this gossamer-like dream of fairyland. Later on, it occurred to "The Quaints" that it would be a good idea to burlesque themselves. A rather heavy-footed young lady bounced on the scene and burlesqued Miss Peggy's dance furiously; and after we had duly signified our approval of the exploit, the dancer removed a characteristic bunch of auburn curls and disclosed the fact that the bold imitator was Mr. Salisbury himself. The illusion is very well maintained indeed. So the entertainment goes merrily on. A dramatic feature is the singing in chorus of Mr. Kipling's wonderful poem, "Boots," to impressive music by Captain Nash. This item was most enthusiastically encored, and the audience would not be denied. Later on, there is a very pretty love scene between a Dresden Shepherd and Shepherdess, which is a thing of real beauty. And then, all at once, without notice, Mr. Salisbury appears in the conventional morning coat and silk hat of commerce, and sings of the woes of the poor man who is feeling the pinch of the income-tax on "Four bally thousand a year." What?

This entertainment is described as a Revue Fantasy, which may mean anything you like. And that is about what it does mean. (I have always claimed that I am nothing if not perspicuous.) For instance, there is Miss Agnes Croxton, who is billed as "Pierrette," although

(Continued on page 564)

Mr. Edward Gar introduces the Ickle Kinkle, the little mystery that isn't really there

"Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of"

This charming "revue fantasy," recently produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, is a particularly bright spot in the world of entertainment in London, and should prove very attractive to those who delight in gentle humour and dainty music

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 562)

STILL IN DREAMLAND

Photograph] MR. F. R. BENSON AS THESEUS *[Warwick Brookes*
In his successful production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Court Theatre

she does not insist overmuch on the part. But she sings sweetly and looks pretty, and we ask no more of any lady than that in a Revue of this kind. Miss Croxton dances a minuet very daintily with Mr. Lane Mott, the handsome tenor of the company. Then there is the incident of the three men hidden in a boat, each of whom bobs up in turn to sing a line or so of a topical song, and then bobs down again, leaving the balance of the ditty to the next man in the row.

Also, the ghost of Shakespeare is introduced for no particular reason, and if I may presume to offer a good and workmanlike tip to such very able public entertainers, I would suggest that this part should either be "written up" with more distinction, or cut out as ruthlessly as if the Huns were at work on it. It is not so interesting as the rest of the special items of the show, and is apt to convey the entirely erroneous impression that the proceedings are beginning to brown off a little at the edges, as it were. Whereas, the whole thing is for the most part a healthy piece of hilarity from first to last. Mr. Edward Gar, already mentioned above, has a right joyous song about James William Maconochie, "who founded a monarchy," and we are also initiated into the mystery of the "ickle kinkle"—another feature, by the way, that would bear a little "writing-up." The idea is quite good, but it is a trifle thin for this season of the year, when high living and plain thinking are justified by all the traditions of our island story.

But it seems ungracious to cavil at an occasional item that is perhaps less successful than others since you can't expect first prizes all the time. There is a fine art together with gently exhilarating influence about this charming production that should commend it to those who for many reasons are looking for necessary distraction which, while not too wildly riotous, is amply sufficient for the general need of the moment. JINGLE

Some Pirate

Camera Portrait *Hugh Cecil*

MR. CALEB PORTER

As "The Vulture" in the romantic play "The Spanish Main," which, after being played in the provinces for some time, was successfully produced in London at the Apollo Theatre last week

Our Music Colleges

WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO DEVELOP NATIVE GENIUS?

A BOOK has just been published dealing with the life and works of the late Mr. Coleridge-Taylor. As in some ways the composer of *Hiawatha* was one of the most popular figures in contemporary British music it will probably have a considerable circulation. And perhaps some people will wonder, as I did, how on earth it happened that a man of such remarkable musical talent as Coleridge-Taylor left what is usually considered the premier musical institution in this country so little equipped intellectually for the work of serious composition.

It has been rather fashionable lately to attack the Royal College and Academy of Music. And some people have been very unfair. These institutions, which must, of necessity, be cheap, are probably superior, rather than inferior, to most Continental Conservatoires. Long before the war the Musical Bystander, as well as a certain number of other well-informed musicians, pointed out that the glamour and accomplishments of Leipsic and Frankfurt were illusory. Moreover, comparisons apart, our colleges have undoubtedly raised the level of musical education in England very considerably. In fact, they are eminently suited to the requirements of the average amateur, the average teacher, the average professional.

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

THE LATE MR. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

The Anglo-African composer, who died some three years ago, a life of whom, by Berwick Sayers, has now been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co.

But what about the few, the *élite*, especially the one or two men every year who have a real gift for composition? After all, from one point of view, these aristocrats are worth all the *bourgeoisie* put together. Admittedly there is another point of view, but I am not concerned with it for the present. The point is this: Is there an obvious place where our young men and women of genius should go to be educated musically? The answer is in the negative.

The first thing to make clear is that it is not only a question of musical teaching pure and simple. I have every reason to believe that there is nothing much amiss on that score—except, perhaps, in the case of singers. In no institution, as is generally admitted, can the teaching be sufficiently personal or intensive to be ideal, but this drawback is often—and always should be—minimised by extra and private lessons for the especially talented. In any case, it is a fault of degree rather than kind. The great charge to be made against our musical institutions is more fundamental, to wit, that they neglect all the elements other than musical which go to make up a first-class modern musician. In short, they neglect his general æsthetic education altogether.

Now it is quite impossible, in the present highly developed state of music, to rise to the top of the tree, even as a singer or a player, unless you are something more than a mere musician. And for the composer it is almost ludicrous to try. The days when a Haydn or a Dvorak could "make good" are gone for ever. The modern composer must have a literary education almost as specialised as his musical training. His intellectual curiosity—that finest and rarest product of education—must be of the keenest. He must share the mind of a philosopher, the imagination of a poet, and the feeling of a painter. For in modern Europe the various arts become more constant companions every year.

This may seem a counsel of perfection; but it is not. If you look at the outstanding figures of contemporary music from Ravel and Stravinski to Strauss and Schönberg, you will see that they do, as a matter of fact, approximate to this ideal. And it is precisely in such qualities that most of our British composers, despite their very great musical talents, fall behind. The result is that, even from the strictly commercial point of view, they are hopelessly handicapped not by inferior talent, but by inferior education—the usual old English story, in fact.

Of course, people will be found to say that it is no part of a musical college's business to teach anything else but music. But what on earth is the use of teaching music alone, if music alone is profitless? Moreover, the remedy is simple. Let the leading musical institutions of London combine and found a joint "finishing school," where a very few of their very best pupils can have in addition to the best technical training available (and plenty of it), the best possible education in general æsthetics. Here every effort should be made to emulate the corporate life of the University and to bring the students into personal relationship not only with their teachers but with men distinguished in various careers. Such an institution would have "atmosphere" and distinction—which is just what all our present musical institutions totally lack.

FRANCIS TOYE

The Sinking of the "Anglia"

"WE were just wondering how long it would be before we reached 'Blighty.' Someone said—'Oh, about half an . . .' The sentence was never finished. There was a sound of iron, wood, china and glass being wrenched and crushed like a frail toy in the hands of a giant . . . We all climbed as best we could to the parts of the ship highest out of the water.

"The 'Anglia' was going down quickly. I could see the side of the ship disappearing inch by inch. I was fixing on a lifebelt in the middle of the deck when I heard a shout. I walked to the side and saw two or three ships quite close at hand. They seemed to have risen out of the water . . . .

When we got on board we were given dry clothes in exchange for our wet ones, also a cup of hot Bovril. The Bovril was a Godsend. It went right through me like the warmth from a fire. Personally I am sure most of us would have suffered severely from the cold and exposure if it hadn't been for that timely cup of Bovril.

Part of a letter written by a survivor of the "Anglia."

Bovril gives strength to win

Motoring:

Looking Backward and Ahead

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

FROM THE CHILDREN OF RHODESIA

A motor ambulance, built on the 1-ton Buick chassis, supplied by General Motors, Ltd., which has been presented to the Imperial Government by the children of Rhodesia. They have collected a large sum throughout the territory for the purpose of presenting and maintaining three of these vehicles

Revolution

The year in motoring has brought us little or "nowt." A few factories have been released to the extent of providing a few firms with motor vehicles necessary in the scheme of munition-making; but the rest are tied as tightly to their appointed Governmental jobs as ever. Very few are doing the work for which they were designed and organised; fewer still are operating on their standard product. Of all the works that set out to make the so-called pleasure car not one has remained constant. The British private "pleasure" car doesn't exist except as a survival of eighteen months or more ago. What new private cars are running about are foreign; and I doubt that of all the eight million pounds worth of cars, chassis, tyres, and parts imported during the last eleven months any considerable proportion are in use exclusively for pleasure purposes. Thus suddenly, under the spur of national necessity, have we achieved revolution. It should not be very difficult after this to cut adrift from precedent in the commercial affairs of motoring. What could not be done yesterday is the commonplace of to-day. The traditions that shackled us and may have made us afraid have been knocked off. We discover ourselves as among the boldest and most adaptable of all the peoples. Talk about the altar cloths of one æon being the door mats of the next, why we have worked the change in eighteen months!

* * *

In Hope

So that we may look backward with no little gratification, and forward with the larger hope. The talk just now is all of forms of co-operation to secure the imperial market to the British manufacturer. If it happens, as it certainly could happen, as it certainly will when we get right down to the brass tacks of the proposition, I will weave myself a number nine halo and sit in the place of bottles as a seer of magnitude, in that for many years I have ventured to submit this very idea. Individual production of those cars of moderate power and price with which we have already succeeded against all comers. Co-operative production of the cheaper vehicles in order to secure the large capital, plant, and interest necessary for large output. I shall watch with almost paternal anxiety any development of the idea.

* * *

Touching Goodwill

Meanwhile I have been vastly interested in the questions and answers recently put and received in the House of Commons upon the subject of publicity expenditure. Having nothing to sell to the public, some firms have improved the shining hour (very unwisely, perhaps, but quite naturally) by saving up what would otherwise have been publicity expenditure, adding it to profits and swelling dividends proportionately. Along comes the collector of taxes for his share of the total. Result, the firm have to pay a considerable amount of money in taxes, and at the same time lose whatever value might have been in that publicity work which would have maintained the continuity of their name and goods in the public memory, which is short. Let a well-known firm drop out of the public eye for a year or two, and when they return they have lost their market. The idea of the questions in the House of Commons was to secure relief of taxation in respect of the publicity money saved over the war period by firms wholly engaged in Government work. The reply was a refusal. Therefore, it would seem wholly desirable, even for those firms entirely under Government control and with no goods to sell to the public, that they should maintain their place in the public eye. If they do not, they lose both ways. They lose in taxes and they risk the future. To take the other course which many motor firms have taken is certainly to reduce in a small way the volume of profits available for distribution (to shareholders and the tax collector); but is quite as certainly to help conserve goodwill and contribute to the success of presently—as well as to the equally important taxes of presently. From a national point of view a bankrupt firm is not an asset. Therefore, to the extent to which publicity expenditure is a guarantee of economic health presently, it is not only bad business policy to save now, but it is quite as bad from the point of view of the State.

SOMEWHERE IN THE DARDANELLES

A snapshot by a member of the Expeditionary Force of a British anti-aircraft gun. Lightness and mobility being essential to the effectiveness of these weapons, it is mounted on a special carriage fitted with twin detachable wheels shod with Dunlop tyres, and can be towed into action by a motor-car

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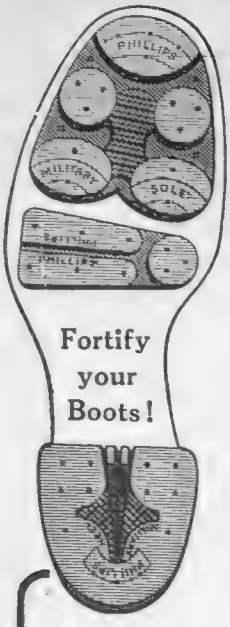

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NOTTS (in the well-known pretty country, 4 miles from the County town).—This CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE

to be SOLD at a bargain price: 3 reception rooms, oak-panelled entrance hall, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and complete domestic offices; acetylene gas, splendid water supply; tastefully-laid-out gardens and grounds of about 5 acres; 3 cottages. — Personally inspected by the Sole Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ON THE EDGE OF THE CHILTERNS.

BUCKS.

Only 35 minutes from Town.

THIS UNIQUE FAMILY MANSION,

dating back to the XIth Century.

Replete with every modern convenience, including acetylene gas, radiators, etc.

Some 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms.

HANDSOME SUITE OF RECEPTION ROOMS.

Lovely grounds of 10 acres; 400 acres shooting. Low rent.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 17,258)

SUSSEX.

In charming country, near to the sea; South aspect, bracing position; 2 hours from London

TO LET, Furnished, for Winter months, 3 gns. weekly: 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, lounge hall, kitchen and usual offices; electric light; hot and cold water.—Apply, JOHN BRAY, Auctioneer, Bexhill-on-Sea.

MIDWAY BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

COMPANY'S WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE. ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, full of old oak: good hall, 3 reception, bath, 6 bedrooms; stabling, garage; farmery; beautiful grounds and paddocks of 12½ ACRES. Perfect order. Bargain £2,500. Freehold.—Box M 5, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for SIX MONTHS OR LONGER, at £3 3s. per week.—Charming detached HOUSE in private road, overlooking large wooded estate, with garden to private water leading to Thames, but high above flood level: 6 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms; garage, etc.; electric light, central heating. Beautifully furnished and recently redecorated throughout. 7 minutes from two stations; 5-minute electric service to Waterloo (30 minutes) starting this month.—Apply Owner, 8, Broom Water West, Teddington.

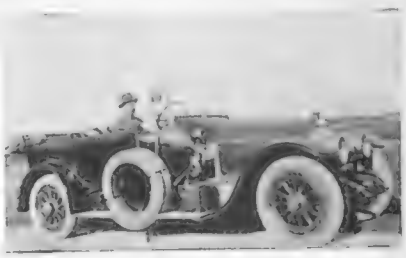
WILTSHIRE.

IN A FAVOURITE PART OF THE COUNTY AND WITHIN 2 HOURS OF LONDON.

TO BE SOLD, a stone-built RESIDENCE in the Tudor style, standing in grounds of about 20 acres, with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: vestibule, entrance hall, dining room, drawing room, billiard room, boudoir, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; sandy soil; water and gas laid on; excellent stabling, including 7 loose boxes, coachman's cottage; 2 lawn tennis courts, also asphalte court, fine old yew hedges, kitchen garden and gardener's cottage, paddock, etc., in all 20 ACRES.—Box K 2,736, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FOR SALE.

50/60 h.p. Austrian-Daimler, late 1912 design; 5-Seater Torpedo, painted and upholstered in red. All tyres good—two spares. Rushmore acetylene head lamps. Electric side lamps—Gabrielle and bulb horns, three ignitions.



Complete and in good running order.

WHAT OFFERS?

or will exchange for small two-seater.

E. PERCIVAL, "Bramerton," Tulse Hill, London, S.W.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED,

A CHARMING OLD COTTAGE

in Kent, with oak beams and large open fireplace. Old-world furniture: 1 large sitting room, 3 or 4 bedrooms; 9 acres of ground, tennis lawn; miniature rifle range; Company's water; only 10 minutes from station; 1 hour from Town; good cook-housekeeper might be left.

5 guineas a week

to careful tenant.

Apply, Mrs. T., 73, Inverness Terrace, London, W.

The "Studington" Waterproof TRENCHER

Obtainable only from

STUDD & MILLINGTON LTD
Military Tailors.

51, CONDUIT STREET, W.
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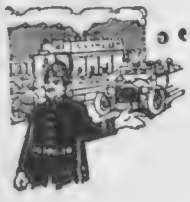


"Held up!"

The law-abiding citizen doesn't mind the arm of the Law holding him up—in traffic—what he objects to, and rightly, is the long arm of tyre-trouble holding him up when he should be enjoying his motoring—If you want complete immunity from tyre trouble,

Specify

NORTH BRITISH

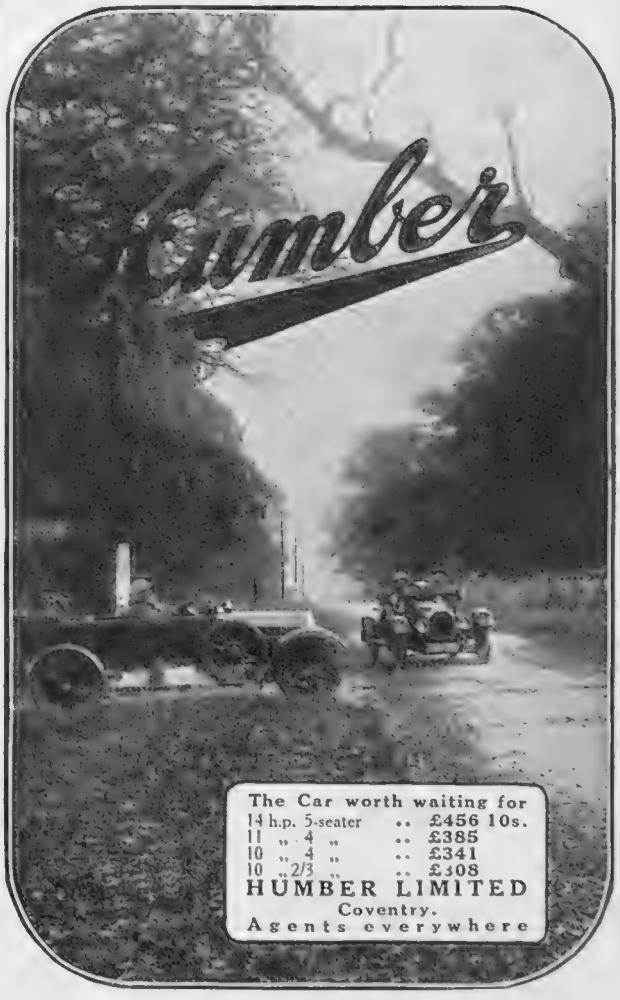
CLINCHER

"ALL PLANTATION" RUBBER

MOTOR TYRES,

The Tyres which gained an R.A.C. 5,000 miles certificate after a most exacting road test.

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.,
169, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.
Factories: Castle Mills, EDINBURGH.



ALFRED WEBB MILES & CO.,

12, 10, 8, and 6, BROOK STREET,
Hanover Square, LONDON, W.

BRITISH WARMS

HEAVY KHAKI SERGE (Lined Fleece) £3 3 0

TREBLE-MILLED KHAKI LAMBSWOOL (Lined Fleece) £3 15 0

HEAVY KHAKI SERGE FUR-LINED (Musquash) £7 15 0

FLEECE SLEEPING BAGS £2 15 0

CHROME LEATHER SLEEVE WAISTCOATS (Lined Flannel) £2 5 0

CHAMOIS LEATHER SLEEVE WAISTCOATS £1 12 6

KHAKI KNITTED WOOLLEN SLEEVE WAISTCOATS 18s. 6d.

THE ABOVE ARE SUITABLE AND ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS FOR SENDING TO OFFICERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

ON RECEIPT OF CHEQUE, HEIGHT AND CHEST MEASUREMENTS, ANY OF THE ABOVE WILL BE SENT, CARRIAGE PAID, TO THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, AND IF NOT SATISFACTORY MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

N.B.—ESTIMATES SENT ON APPLICATION FOR FULL SERVICE KITS.

The Most Charming Place in London.

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA ROOMS

36, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Charges Moderate. . . . Service Admirable.
Music Daily. Open on Sundays for Teas Only.

LUNCHEONS. TEAS. DINNERS.

Here you can obtain the world-famous

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA—

Pure 2/10, 3/10. Blend 2/7, 3/4, 4/4 per lb.

Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure and Blended) can be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining & Co., Ltd., London; and Andrew Melrose & Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

"THE GRAPHIC."

"The Portsmouth Road a Hundred Years Ago."
By LAWSON WOOD.

SIXPENCE WEEKLY.

Office: Tallis House, Whitefriars, E.C. Paris Office: 35, Rue Lafayette.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"The Great Sacrifice"

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY has purchased the original.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA has bought a replica and has been graciously pleased to write as follows:— "It is a lovely picture which must appeal to the feelings of the whole Nation."

THIRTEEN BISHOPS have written in its praise.

CARDINAL BOURNE has kindly written a special letter of commendation.

COMMANDING OFFICERS have written of its wonderful recruiting power.

CLERGYMEN AND MINISTERS of all denominations have preached on it.

No fewer than **15,000** letters have been received from all parts of the world in connection with it.

No picture of modern times has so stirred the imagination and aroused the conscience of the Empire as Mr. James Clark's great Academy work with the above title.

The first editions have been exhausted, and to meet the new demand a fresh issue has been arranged in the following styles.

Facsimile Oils, Framed, 28 x 20 £1 11 6 *Carriage Forward*
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Photogravure Ordinary, Unframed 22 x 15 5/- *Post Free* 5/6
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Please send your order with remittance to—

THE PUBLISHER, Tallis House, Tallis St., Whitefriars, London, E.C.

Fashions Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THE sales, with all their own peculiar allure, will be upon us when this issue appears, one or two quite immediately, but the majority opening upon January 3.

Irresistible Lace Bargains

For two weeks only a great sale will be held by Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, commencing from January 3, in which, among manifold temptations laces are to figure prominently, £8,000 worth to be correct, of an exquisite and varied assortment of *dentelles*, fine embroidered net flounces, etc., being offered at from one-third to half the usual prices. To quote merely a couple of examples. A fine *écru* guipure lace, in widths from four to ten inches, originally fetching from 1*s.* 9½*d.* to 4*s.* 9*d.* the yard, drops to 10½*d.* for the first width, 1*s.* 4½*d.* for the next, and 2*s.* 4½*d.*; or at the same commencing price there is a delicate Mechlin lace that is just now in enormous demand. In the same department there are many handsome pieces of coloured bead and embroidered insertions well worth inspection.

Another department calling for the earliest attention is that devoted to costumes. The taste here, as I have frequently had occasion to point out, is exceptionally good, the finest discrimination having been exercised throughout the season in supplying just the right type and style of gown. The surplus stock, including many models, will be sold at big reductions; a few odd numbers in afternoon and evening gowns, initially fetching anything from 63*s.* to 8 guineas, have all been marked down to the one price of 30*s.* each. There will also be a range of the latest model skirts at 49*s.* 6*d.* These are fashioned of black satin, *crêpe de Chine* and taffeta, and represent unique value. All at 80*s.*, a sum that affords no sort of clue to their original value, is applied to some thirty silk suits and fifty costumes in various high quality wool goods, and 42*s.* it is surmised will speedily clear off the remainder of the stock of velveteen coats and skirts, also a limited number of serge dresses. One other attractive centre of this sale is the silverware and plated goods department.

PARTY FROCK OF MUSLIN AND LACE

For a child of from nine to ten years of age. Sketched at Elizabeth's, South Molton Street, by Dorothy Millar

Harrods, Ltd.

Are holding a one-week sale commencing on January 10, which I hope to deal with fully next week. In the meantime, however, bear the date in mind.

Elizabeth, 45, South Molton Street,

With practical forethought has arranged her winter annual clearance in good time for the coming school term, the short Christmas holidays going all too quickly. Elizabeth proposes for the pending event to make exceptionally drastic reductions, which, in view of the increasing cost of materials, marks the very sound standing of the house.

Dresses suitable for young ladies' wear, clearing at 25 per cent. to 30 per cent. reduction, are all in perfectly fresh condition, and include many serge frocks, together with several smart little black and white checks. Similar treatment is meted out to garments of every description designed for younger children, literally bagatelle prices being placed on anything in the very slightest degree lost to its first pristine freshness, and children's millinery, of course, is a notable feature with Elizabeth.

Just to show the thoroughly up-to-date character of the creations that are going at bargain sums, we are illustrating a sweet little party frock for a child of nine to ten years of age, arranged in fine white muslin and lace, with short standing out skirt and quaint little *pouf* sleeves. With this class of picture party frock, Elizabeth may be

(*Continued on page* viii)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued from page vii)

said to stand supreme. Her sale, too, has the surety of genuineness, in that it lasts just so long as there is anything to sell.

An Opportunity in Sports Coats

Twelve days only, from January 3 to 15, is the period Debenham and Freebody have calculated will suffice to clear off such surplus stocks as they are possessed of. Chief among the concessions are sports coats, a selection of some 2,000 having been made from the regular stock, and thrown into the sale stream. These coats are in fine cashmere and real silk, all in perfect condition, and are merely being discarded, as some of the colours are entirely sold out. The styles and variety are many, but the value is beyond question. And to facilitate matters Debenham's have arranged them under four prices, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 21*s.* 9*d.*, 29*s.* 6*d.*, and 39*s.* 6*d.*, very appreciable reductions from the original cost. The firm, however, cannot undertake to send these coats on approval, and post orders cannot be executed, for the simple reason they will most probably be snapped up the first day of the sale.

Other items of imminent interest are dressing gowns, wrappers, rest and teagowns, to be found in the ladies' outfitting department. At 69*s.* 6*d.* a rest gown in rich soft satin, with deep collar at back, and stole ends lined silk, is almost being given away, a cosy lambs-wool dressing kimono shape, and having *broché crêpe* facings, in a range of charming colours, being marked down to 21*s.* 9*d.* Among many blouse bargains two stand pre-eminently to the front, to wit, a fine white muslin with stiff collar and front of tucked linen, effectively finished with bows of black and white checked ribbon, a fascinating confection, and only 12*s.* 9*d.* Also a rich brocaded *crêpe de Chine* decorated with hemstitched seams and fancy pearl buttons, 15*s.* 9*d.* *Crêpe de Chine* underwear is irresistibly tempting at big reductions, some extra special bargains occurring in odd garments, the firm's own individual and exclusive designs. Typical opportunities in gloves are provided in the "Velbuck," two pearl buttons (new magpie sewing), reduced to 4*s.* 9*d.*, 1,480 pairs of French kid, three pearl buttons, white only, dropping to 2*s.* 7*d.* But Debenham's make a point of reducing all the well-known makes they stock during this sale. Which likewise provides a most popular opportunity for picking up beautiful silks, woven dress goods, in fact, all piece materials, considerably below current prices. On Friday and Saturday in each week all remnants will be sold at half marked prices.

An Original Design for the Fashionable Pinafore Bodice

One of the admitted successes of the season, and by no means finished, is the pinafore corsage, an individual version of which is illustrated by Mrs. Dorothy Millar. The under part is carried out in "Georgette," relieved by a finger depth of dark fur at throat and wrists. The pinafore portion, of course, completes the skirt scheme in the matter of colour, if not of material, consequently with such standard shades as navy, *tête de nègre*, olive green, and even certain well-accepted wine shades, blouse specialists may safely cull the idea to augment their selection of modish demands.

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A PINAFORE BODICE

Of "Georgette" and faille silk trimmed with fur. Drawn by Dorothy Millar and fully described by Mrs. Jack May

A Little Thing That Means Much

In its way there is certainly no more highly appreciated possession than the hospital bag, in which the small personal belongings of a wounded soldier can be placed when his uniform is removed at a casualty clearing station. Prior to the provision of these receptacles, however, such treasures, often very dear to the owner, invariably got scattered and ultimately lost, the more so as the wounded are frequently moved to two or three hospitals ere reaching England. Last April Lady Smith-Dorrien started her Hospital Bag Fund, and the generous response to her appeal has enabled her to forward no less than 450,000 to the Expeditionary Forces. Latterly the daily average of bags received has been 1,200, which is insufficient to meet the War Office requirements, which increase weekly. A child can make these bags, and any suitably strong material may be used, such as unbleached calico, Holland, cretonne, or chintz. Recently Lady Smith-Dorrien made a fortuitous purchase of many thousand yards of cretonne at 4½*d.* the yard —three bags can be made out of one yard—and she will be pleased to send lengths to any applicant at the same modest price. All inquiries should be sent direct to Lady Smith-Dorrien, 21, Eaton Terrace, S.W.

Train Service Alterations

The Great Western Company have notified that on and from January 1 a revised time-table will come into operation and that the train services will be reduced on the various sections of the system. The necessity for this reduction arises from the shortage of staff brought about by the enlistment of so many men for the war and the increasing demands upon the resources of the railway in respect of the conveyance of Government traffic. It is recognised that the reductions in the train services must entail a measure of public inconvenience, which, however, has been guarded against as far as possible in the revision of the time-tables, and in the circumstances it is hoped that the public will be able to adapt their arrangements to the changed conditions.

(*Continued on page x*)

Harvey Nichols Winter Sale

commences Jan 3rd and will continue until Jan 22nd

An unique opportunity to secure at exceptional reductions, the surplus . . . stocks of . . .

Harvey Nichols

fashionable wear, linens, carpets and rugs, curtains, furnishing fabrics, . . . etc., etc. . . .

NO GOODS SPECIALLY PURCHASED

REMNANTS every Thursday and last 3 days of Sale

Write for the Sale Catalogue

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd. Knightsbridge LONDON. S.W.

The Regent St. House of PETER ROBINSON LTD

LONDON, W.

The Winter Sale Is Now in Progress

SUPREME VALUE-GIVING has always been a characteristic of our Sales, but this Sale will stand out apart from its famous predecessors by reason of the SUPER-BARGAINS featured in every department.

It is worth remembering that while all goods offered are of our regular high-standard quality the prices are on a lower level than we have ever before placed them.

Here are Examples of the Bargains in Lingerie.

R.S. 12. O.
FINE wool, lace top Spencer, long or short sleeves.
SALE PRICE **4/-**

R.S. 10. O.
HEAVY weight spun silk Combinations, low or high neck; all sizes.
SALE PRICE **12/11**

R.S. 11. O.
WINTER weight, Scotch unshrinkable Combinations, low or high neck.
SALE PRICE **8/6**

R.S. 13. O.
5 DOZEN Milanese silk Directoire Knickers in pink, white, and black.
SALE PRICE **7/6**

R.S. 15. O.
KNICKERS of pure wool, in navy, black, sky, and white.
SALE PRICE **4/-**

R.S. 14. O.
PYJAMAS in silk and wool delaine; in pink or white, Usually 31/9
SALE PRICE **17/9**

THE CATALOGUE

illustrating scores of other equally splendid Bargains will be forwarded on request post free to any address. May we send one to you?

The Regent St. House of Peter Robinson

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page viii)

A "Dickens" Opportunity

Messrs. James Buchanan and Co. are issuing a handsome portfolio containing thirteen studies from the works of the great novelist, Charles Dickens, together with the portrait of Dickens himself, beautifully reproduced in colour from the original paintings by Mr. Frank Reynolds. The series includes Jingle, Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Micawber, Sam Weller, and other well-known Dickens' characters, and to all lovers of beautiful prints these should have a special appeal at Christmastide. The complete set is being offered at 5*s*. (carriage paid), and can be obtained on application to Messrs. Buchanan's head office, 26, Holborn, E.C. The net proceeds will be handed over to the Red Cross Society.

THE 'HALLZONE" TRENCH COAT

An Officer's Trench Coat

The exigencies of the present war have rendered it absolutely imperative that officers both at home and on active service should include in their kit a thoroughly reliable weather resisting coat. We recently inspected the "Hallzone" Perfected Trench Coat, which has been specially designed and made after consultation with experienced army officers by Mr. Harry Hall, the well-known military and mufti tailor, of 207, Oxford Street, W., and 149, Cheapside, E.C., price 4½ guineas. We can with confidence recommend this coat to all who require a coat which is a positive protection against wind and rain, and at the same time the acme of ease and comfort. It is made from double texture proofed Garbette, to which the mud does not cling, interlined throughout with finest quality oil silk, and lined with either a proofed woollen lining, a silk finished proofed Venetian, or real camel fleece. It has graduated straps at the neck and wrists which can be adjusted to exclude both wind and rain, leg straps for riding, and expanding pleats at the back to cover saddle, the pleats being secured when not in use by press buttons.

To Meet the Petrol Shortage

The great demand for 680 gasolene for British flying purposes has caused a shortage, and a large number of owners of petrol gas plants are considerably hampered thereby. Invention has, however, stepped in, and a new patent duplex carburettor has been invented, capable of vaporising ordinary motor spirit. Spensers, Ltd., of 119, George Street, Edinburgh, and 53, South Molton Street, London, W., are prepared to fit their new carburettor to any make of weight or water-driven machine, and guarantee a saving of 40 per cent. in the cost of running. The saving alone is worth considering in these hard times with the increased price of petrol.

NEW DINING ROOM

Which has recently been opened by the London and North Western Railway at Euston Station

For Officers and Men at the Front.

HORLICK'S RATION OF MALTED MILK TABLETS

A round air-tight tin weighing 7 ozs. and containing 80 highly compressed tablets:—this is Horlick's 24-Hour Ration. From 10 to 20 tablets dissolved in the mouth as required supply the nourishment given by an ordinary meal, and they quickly restore energy and vitality. The contents of one tin are sufficient to maintain strength and vigour for 24 hours without any other food, and, in addition, the tablets relieve thirst. Think in how *many* ways an emergency ration such as this would be useful to *every* soldier!

Price 1/6 each

post free to any address at the Front.

Send one to YOUR Soldier to-day.

We will send post free to ANY address at the Front a tin of these delicious and sustaining food tablets on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also state your own name and address and write plainly.

Be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State whether serving with British or Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

ROWE
The Children's Shop

Girls' Wear | Boys' Wear

ROWE WINTER SALE OF CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

Commences on Monday, January 3, and ends on Saturday, January 15

No goods have been specially bought for this Sale

The policy of this House is to use the occasion to dispose of the balance of Season Goods and make room for continuous purchases of new goods. In many cases articles are priced below cost.

This Rowe Sale marks an unusual opportunity to secure Boys' and Girls' School Outfits of Bond Street Quality at real 'economy' prices.

MODEL FROCKS
Nine only. French Models in net and voile, hand made, exquisitely embroidered, 22 ins. and 24 ins. long. Priced at **39/6** to **73/6.** All now **25/-** Cannot be sent on approval.

PARTY FROCKS.
Remainder of Girls' Evening and Party Frocks in net, Ninon, and Crepe-de-Chine, all at half price. Cannot be sent on approbation.

GIRLS' OVERCOATS
Fifteen only. Various styles and colours, all rich quality and finely tailored. Sizes 22 ins. to 26 ins., ranging from **45/-** to **7½ Guineas.** Now reduced to half price. Cannot be sent on approbation.

BOYS' SUIT BARGAINS
Youths' Trouser Suits in Scotch and Irish Tweeds with Lounge Jackets or Sport Coats. For School or Holiday wear. All sizes to fit boys 10 to 16 years. The usual price is **55/-** to **70/-** All in one lot at **45/-**
Boys' Rugby and Sports Suits, with Knickers, in finest quality. To fit boys 8 to 14 years. Ordinary price **50/-** to **65/-** Now **45/-**
Boys' Norfolk Suits: only a limited number, splendid value. For boys 6-10. All one price, **21/-**

BOYS' OVERCOATS
Boys' Overcoats for 7-12 years, Neat School Greys, some with velvet collars, some wool line. All **45/-** to **55/-** Coats, now **40/-**
For Boys, 13-16 years. School Greys, Scotch Tweeds, Fleeces, our own exclusive models, in **50/-** to **60/-** qualities, all at **42/-**
Boys' Storm & Rainproofed Coats and a few Coverts suitable for Spring several greatly reduced.
Ample turning for letting out in all cases.

GIRLS' OVERCOATS
All our regular goods, too miscellaneous to Catalogue, but Coats may be found suitable for any occasion. Sizes for girls of 8 to 16 years.
1st choice, **40/-** 2nd choice, **20/-**

GIRLS' FROCKS
For Afternoon or School Wear. All sizes from 26 ins. to 39 ins. in stuffs, velvets, etc., but no blue serges. To be cleared in two lots, **10/-** and **20/-**
Maids' Dresses, Models, etc. **20/-**

FOOTWEAR
Many lines are now unobtainable, and prices are rising. This opportunity may never recur.
Youths' Walking Boots, sizes 6 to 10 (½ sizes) Black Box Calf, Patent Leather Brown Willow Calf, **21/-** quality, now **15/6**
Youths' Walking Shoes, in Patent or Willow, and Box Calf Brogues, **18/9** quality, now **15/6**

CALL AND SELECT—NO CATALOGUE WILL BE ISSUED

Sale Goods will be name-marked free of charge and delivered free, but cannot be sent on approval.
Ladies are assured of the same courteous attention and consideration during Sale time as at all other times.

ROWE, *The Children's Shop*, 106, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

"This has set my mind completely at rest!"

"IT is the fairest, clearest, and distinctly the most generous form of home-protection yet presented. It offers benefits not generally found in domestic assurance, and the language is perfectly simple and unmistakable."

The new householders'

'ALL-IN' POLICY

has been framed to offer insurers *the very maximum benefits possible* under a mutual insurance contract. It is comprehensive in its terms and completeness of protection; in its plain language; in the multitude of risks it covers; in the single-purposed simplicity of its operation.

For one inclusive premium of **5s. per cent.** the "All-In" Policy protects you against the following:—

Fire—Loss of Rent—Burglary—Housebreaking—Larceny and Theft—Employers' Liability—Bursting of Water-pipes and Apparatus following Frost—Storm—Flood or Tempest—Explosion of Gas or of Domestic Boilers—Mirror Breakage—Public Liability—Linen at Laundry—Lightning—Thunderbolt—Subterranean Fire—Earthquake—Riots Strikes—Insurrection—Civil Commotion.

One Policy—One Premium

No "Arbitration" Clause —no "Average" Clause. Issued *only* by the

BRITISH DOMINIONS
GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.

"All-In" Policy Dept., 9 & 10, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C.

HEAD OFFICE:
1, Royal Exchange Avenue

Send to-day for Fully Explanatory Pamphlet No. 4 F.

APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

A.S.4

*To obtain ample protection against **all** these risks in the **ordinary** way, the householder generally takes out **several** policies; pays **several** premiums; has to watch **several** renewal dates—and to spend much money needlessly.*

The Menu: Some Chestnut Novelties

Chestnut Soup
Chestnut Salad
Chestnut Cream
Compôte of Chestnuts
Chestnut Notion
Novel Dessert Dish
Chestnuts as a Vegetable

Chestnut Soup

Boil 1 lb. of large chestnuts for twenty minutes. After having taken off the outsides and skins, put them in a saucepan and cover with boiling water. Add a little salt and a piece of lemon-peel. When quite soft rub through a sieve. Then pour over the pulped chestnuts two quarts of veal or chicken broth, half a teacupful of cream, and one tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour. Stir this well together, boil it up, and serve very hot. This makes sufficient soup for eight people.

Chestnut Salad

Put about twenty-four chestnuts in the oven and cook them until the shell and skin can be easily removed; put into a stewpan and cover with stock or water. Add an onion and boil until the nuts are quite tender. When cooked, let them get cold. Cut a head of celery into strips, chop up the chestnuts and mix with the celery in a salad-bowl. Season with salt and pepper, and pour over some mayonnaise sauce. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs and tomato or beetroot.

Chestnut Cream

Boil about 1 lb. of chestnuts in a pint of milk and a gill of water. When tender skin and pound them. Whip up half a pint of cream, and after having rubbed the pounded chestnuts through a coarse wire sieve place the mixture piled in a glass or silver dish, and the whipped cream on the top, keeping it high in the centre. Garnish with crystallised cherries, or quarters of orange which have been peeled and dipped in sugar.

Compôte of Chestnuts

Remove the outer skin of some chestnuts, and put them in a saucepan of cold water. Bring to the boil, and then peel off the under skin, being careful not to break the nuts. Make a syrup with half a pint of water, ¼ lb. of castor sugar, a glass of sherry, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer the chestnuts in this for twenty minutes. Strain the syrup, pour it over the chestnuts, and serve hot or cold.

Chestnut Notion

Shell about twenty-five large chestnuts, boil them, and when done pound them into a paste, and stir into it 2 oz. of melted fresh butter, add some powdered sugar and some flavouring, either vanilla, almond, or liqueur; let this mixture cool, then pass it through a sieve, and pile it high on a dish, and around and over it put some whipped cream.

Novel Dessert Dish

Roast three dozen large chestnuts, peel them, and put them into a stewpan; add 4 oz. of castor sugar and half a gill of water; cook slowly till the nuts absorb the sugar; then pile them up on a glass dish, squeeze over them the juice of a lemon, and dust rather thickly with castor sugar.

Chestnuts as a Vegetable

Roast 1 lb. of chestnuts and remove the skin. Make a rich white Béchamel sauce, and simmer the chestnuts in it until well heated through.

EMILIA

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